The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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A PLUCKY NORTH-WESTERN HUNTRESS.

Single Handed she Disposes of a Grisly Bear.

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PASSING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. MOORE.—The number of competitors would be eight.

O. R.—1. Tom Sharkey beat James J. Corbett in nine rounds. 2. No.

S. P. A.—He left England on August 11.

T. S. WELLING.—1. They boxed at South Shields. 2. In five rounds.

A. CARPENTER.—1. 5ft 10½in. 2. Birmingham.

O. D. E.—1. They trained at Chipperfield. 2. In New York.

GEORGE M. LEWIS.—1. He was defeated once only. 2. By James J. Corbett.

T. C. DRINKWATER.—He is a light-weight.

C. A. F.—1. They are styled aged after six years. 2. January 1.

B. B.—The first Monday in October.

V. S. T.—Two seconds and a bottle holder.

LILY.—1. His weight is 20st. 2. Yes.

T. R. FOREST.—It holds about 3,000. Saturdays and Mondays.

F. W. BALL.—1. Three threes and two sixes count eighteen. 2. No.

T. S.—150yds was covered by H. Hutchins in 14⅘sec.

C. PERCIVAL.—Three standing jumps, 40ft 11in, by J. Darby.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—Ben Jordan beat George Dixon, in twenty-five rounds, for £1,500 and the feather-weight championship at the Lennox Athletic Club, New York.

A. B. O.—1. At Mile End, December 25, 1871. 2. 5ft 5½in. 3. About 10st.

FIRST FLIGHT.—Bendigo won the first Jubilee Stakes in 1887.

T. WINDOVER.—1. Only by constantly practising. 2. A good plain diet.

R. X.—The records were published with their portraits.

COLT.—Beaten once on a foul.

G. A. POINTER.—Yes.

J. STRICKLAND.—J. J. Corbett, 6ft 1in; Fitzsimmons, 5ft 11½in.

C. J. GORDON.—No decision was given.

JACOB WAKE.—1. Your letter received. 2. Thanks.

ROBERT FIELD.—1. He won in six rounds. 2. Yes, he is the elder brother.

J. SEDGWICK.—At the Agricultural Hall.

H. BURTON.—You must get a written permit, otherwise it cannot be inserted.

A. HOPKINS.—At Wonderland.

BARROW.—Not more than three should be permitted—two seconds and a bottle-holder for each principal.

A. S. W.—At the Seaside Club, Coney Island, New York.

A. STOREY.—James J. Jeffries has beaten him twice.

A. LINDSAY.—1. Your letter received. Fitzsimmons could easily scale at the middle-weight last year. 2. He has increased all round.

O. R. WILLIAMS.—The photo will appear shortly. Challenge inserted.

CHARLES DESMOND (Leeds).—The book you refer to is out of print.

JAMES SWAN (Walkerton Leslie).—Only once. In 1897 Bob Fitzsimmons knocked out Jas. J. Corbett in fourteen rounds.

GEORGE HARDING.—None can be obtained in England, only in America.

FITZSIMMONS A PERFECT BOXER.

THE CHEEK OF "KID" McCOY.

"KID" McCOY AND JEM CORBETT.

THE REPEAL OF THE HORTON LAW.

THE CONTEST (GARDINER v. CRAIG) FOR THE MIDDLE-WEIGHT ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

IN the old, and by no means palmy, days of the Prize Ring there was an institution called the P.B.A. (Prize-ring Benevolent Association), and the duties of the members of this association consisted of protecting those "coves what like to see a mill." They were members of the Fancy armed with short whips, and most efficiently they performed the parts allotted them. At the present time boxing promoters give the supporters of their shows on a night "when something worth seeing" brings something better to the show than the usual frowsy crowd absolutely no protection. On a recent occasion the M.C., Mr. Prolixity, verbose enough on other occasions, was asked to mount the stage and warn the spectators not to be afraid if a little palmistry was practised, and hands were found appropriating unconsidered trifles such as pins, watches, chains, cash, &c. This was a very mild way of saying there were pickpockets in the hall, but Mr. Prolixity flatly refused, giving as the reason for his refusal "that it was more than his life was worth." If such a state of things as this is allowed to exist, good-bye to boxing! Surely on a big night the expenses should allow of a score of sturdy young fellows (not boxers) armed with good stout oaken cudgels to intimidate certain undesirable characters who by some mysterious means find their way into places from which they should at all times be excluded. When the Stock Exchange magnates had their show at the late Bill Richardson's, organised by Jack Angle, Bill would never allow the ramping and roughing which takes place at more pretentious "homes of sport" than the Blue Anchor. Bill always had a body of emergency men ready to cope with the rampers—in fact Richardson's guests were as good as a gold mine to the frequenters of the house, for it was generally after a boxing show (concerning a timid gentleman who wanted to avoid the crowd) "Hi," Bill, Jack, Tom, or whatever his name might be, "see this gentleman into the 'Ditch." Not the ditch as we understand it, but the abbreviation for Shoreditch. This, of course, meant a bit of gold for the "minder," who, as long as the gold was forthcoming, took jolly good care nothing should happen to his charge for fear of the stoppage of supplies. Present day boxing promoters have not the same sense as Tom, Dick, or Harry from Bill's. As long as the goose laid the golden eggs they looked upon the preservation of the goose as the first duty of man; but promoters, if they do not encourage the presence of well-known rampers at their shows, take their money at the door, and give the public no protection whatever should a ramp take place.

The consequence of the disturbance on the Everhardt v. Ireland night was visible on the Craig v. Gardiner night in a most perceptible manner by empty benches. On Monday evening Mr. Wolff remedied all this. He had the door at the back of the stage, which led to some mews in the rear, thrown open; and he was even instrumental in checking the advances of one of the chief rampers who was very conspicuous on the evening of the Everhardt v. Ireland fight. On this evening Wolff, the proprietor of Wonderland, took the duty of keeping order on his shoulders, a posse of police were outside the doors, and the rough and ramping element excluded; but the mischief had been done. We never saw a more effective check to the ramper than at the Bolingbroke Club. Every person who enters this club on a boxing night has to pass through a powerful steel turnstile; if he is a right 'un he passes through, if he is a wrong 'un he is stopped. It was late before the men entered the ring. Craig, with an eye to business, had gone into the counting-house to total up the takings, while Gardiner was waiting the advent of his sable highness in the dressing-room. Craig looked a beaten man directly he entered the ring. The darkie was full of objections. He objected, among other things, to the nominated timekeeper, and said if he persisted to hold office he would get out of the ring. This was the very thing we think he wanted to do, for we never saw the darkie so much off colour. The referee, Mr. Eugene Corrie, had his work cut out, and he did it right well. Having seen Craig perform before, the referee was fully alive to his tricks, one of which was the capture of an opponent's right-hand glove between his left arm and side, and then appeal to the referee, intimating that his opponent was holding. So many times did the black resort to this proceeding that the referee entered the ring, with the result that he had a bad quarter of an hour in pulling the men apart. Craig seemed to have lost all his old strength and quickness, and, as we have said before, he appeared a beaten man from the start. The contrast in the two boxers was great, Gardiner's flesh white and womanish, and the "Cooler" ten shades darker than midnight. The "Cooler's" music-hall engagements had evidently not improved him. Just prior to his week at Hove he was boxing on the stage at Manchester, where there is no place whatever for training. Judging by his performance, by what right Craig could hold anything in the shape of a boxer cheap we do not know; but the one punch only in his répertoire which had so often led him to victory had given him undue confidence, but on this evening we did not see this long, sweeping right-handed punch in evidence. When Craig found that the referee was up to his tricks and in the ring to thwart them he appeared cowed, and all the go seemed taken out of him. We never saw the "Cooler" fight so well as when he is in front. When Craig had poor drunken Johnny O'Brien before him at the Central Hall his fighting was superb, and O'Brien had to take something, but when another of the clan O'Brien (Dick), at Birmingham, the latter under the direction of Jem Mace, toppled the black man over with a punch on the chin, the "Cooler" fell face foremost on the resin, and when he rose he presented such a diabolical picture in black and white as we shall never forget. Referee Corrie must have been glad when the end of anything but a punishing or clever fight came, when the "Cooler" deliberately fouled his man by throwing him. We don't know whether this foul was intentional, but the "Cooler" appeared to be weakening and tired of the job. There is very little stamina as a rule in teetotal boxers, a man who cannot take a glass of good beer and know when he has had enough is hardly a man. Had Wonderland been a church on last Monday evening, thanks to the endeavour of Wolff the proprietor, the place could not have been more peaceful or select; but alas, through ill-timed parsimony, the mischief had been done, and like the nursery rhyme of "Humpty Dumpty,"

Wonderland has had a great fall,
And all the king's horses and all the king's men
Will never be able to make NOW like THEN.

When we see British boxers stand up scarcely knowing the rudiments of the swinging blows, which generally find their impact in mid air, it is quite refreshing to read how Fitzsimmons fought Sharkey. There was not a blow delivered by Fitz which did not take effect, whether it was the right or left hand that was used, and whether it was on the head or on the body that the blow landed there was enough power behind every punch to take away the phenomenal strength of the muscular sailor, who was out-classed in head work, generalship, speed, and hitting. It is only when spectators witness the doings of a boxer like Fitzsimmons that they can fully realise what boxing is like. There are only two or three really good boxers in America, Jem Corbett being one of them. As for the rest, as Jerry Noon used to say, "They might put their boxing out with their washing." A panther-like bound and a right-hand swing has been the tactics of the American boxer, as we have known him here, and had our boxers a tithe of the ability of Fitzsimmons we should never have witnessed so many humiliating defeats. The bound and the swing were terrors to the British boxer, whilst to a man like Fitzsimmons they were trifles light as air, the bound and swing being met by a step this way or that as suited Fitz, and the bounder recoiling from the force of the impact with the glove of champion Fitzsimmons. We ask what could Sharkey have done with the champion pugilistic Jem Smith and boxing champion like Charley Mitchell when both were in their prime; and yet this same Tom Sharkey is a baby in the hands of Fitzsimmons.

Wonders will never cease. Scarcely do we read that "Kid" McCoy is well and decisively whopped by Jem Corbett than we are surprised with a telegram on Saturday to say that at New York on the previous Friday "Kid" McCoy had challenged this same Fitzsimmons—a boxer who has beaten both McCoy's conquerors, Jem Corbett and Sharkey, with consummate ease. Ridiculous as this match looks, there are no doubt spectators — boxing enthusiasts — to be found who would muster in their thousands to witness it. What on form could put Tom Sharkey and Fitzsimmons together; and what on form could put together Jem Corbett and "Kid" McCoy? Yet thousands were to be found who crowded the Madison Square Gardens at high prices to witness contests which boxed on form were a foregone conclusion. The distance in point of boxing form between Fitzsimmons and "Kid" McCoy is illimitable. Yet, did Fitzsimmons deign to notice McCoy's challenge, numbers would crowd to see the show, expecting a miracle to happen in these prosaic days and McCoy to come out on top, or that a tragedy might happen and the "Kid" to fall a victim to one of Fitzsimmons's innumerable tricky blows. The appetite for boxing appears to grow by what it feeds upon. No matter how short the time in which one man is chawed up, no matter if a death should occur, or the supposed determined contest be an arranged fake, the boxing enthusiast will still take his chance of seeing something to excite his turgid blood and go. The beginning of September saw the Horton Law repealed in New York State, but we venture to bet that this will make no difference. The same Yank who will travel to "Yurope" to view the house where Shakespeare was born, only to gaze and say it's a great kewriosity to think how a house fixed up like that could last such a tarnation long time, would go to Hong Kong to witness Fitzsimmons and champion Jem Jeffries fight for championship honours on the level. As for the fighters, who would be fool enough to quit the pugilistic arena when Fitz earned the enormous sum of 12,500 dols. in little more than five minutes.

THE FARMERS' ARMS, GREAT NEWTON STREET, LIVERPOOL,

Proprietored by Charley Blackburn, Retired 9st 4lb Champion of Lancashire.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE Farmers' Arms is situated in Great Newton Street, off Pembroke Place, Liverpool, and is proprietored by that respected boxer, Charley Blackburn, the retired 9st 4lb champion of Lancashire, and is the resort of all the best sports in Liverpool, Blackburn having during his career engaged all the principal boxers in the north. Will Curley and Harry Ware always make the Farmers' Arms their headquarters when in Liverpool. Foremost, in front of the door, are Mr. and Mrs. Charley Blackburn, on their left is Bert Martin (the black), Mr. Jem Plunkett, a well-known Liverpool sport, and Billy Johnston, one of the best 10st lads in Liverpool; on their right is Young Mack (7st champion), Jack Owens, who challenges the best at 8st, Jem Martin, of Birmingham, and Jack Plumb, of Liverpool. Anyone when in Liverpool cannot do better than pay a visit to this well-known hostelry, and where each and everyone receive a cordial welcome. The finest picture gallery in Liverpool can be seen, and always the MIRROR OF LIFE on the file.

IN THE OPIUM DEN.

Seductive Charm of Smoking the Pipe.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE heathen Chinee has never adapted himself to this country like the colony formed in San Francisco and New York; here the celestials have filled a corner of the cities which are known as China Town, and are seldom visited by the respectable inhabitants. Here some belated wretch will find a resting place, where opium smoking may be indulged in, a vice that quickly ruins and eventually kills its victims.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, September 1, 1900.

EDITOR, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

CORBETT's victory on Thursday night seems to have started yesterday a pugilistic love feast, in which all the fighters joined, except poor "Kid" McCoy. And even he need not feel sad after he has digested the first bitterness of defeat, for he was put down and out by the fastest, cleverest big man ever seen in the ring. The "Kid" is young yet. He is going to grow bigger and stronger. He has plenty of good fights in him, even better than any he has yet shown. If he cares to do so he can strengthen himself so that he can stand punishment a great deal better than he ever has stood it. For the first three rounds of the fight he made a splendid showing. Give him ten pounds more, and he will do still better against the best man who can be sent against him. Cheer up, "Kid"! All you need is patience, temperance, and more hard work. But as to the love feast. Bob Fitzsimmons began it by going to Jem Corbett's saloon and buying fizzing grape juice for everybody who liked that sort of thing. No one who saw the finish of the Carson City fight could imagine Jem and Bob playing Damon and Pythias, but that's what they did when they got together. They shook hands and smiled cordially, and said they were glad to see each other. They really seemed to be. "Jem," said Bob, "you have shown yourself a wonder once more. I'm your friend, and I always was willing to be, as you know. I think you're a harder man to fight than Jeffries. Can't hit, eh? I'd like to see some of those fellows who think you can't hit take just one of your punches." "Thank you, Fitz," said Jem. "I didn't want to take any chances last night, or I might have won sooner. The 'Kid' is a hard hitter if you only give him time to get set. Now as to the future: I'm going to take care of myself and try to win the championship back. I know I can do the trick in a finish fight. I'd rather fight Jeffries right away, but if he isn't ready now, Fitz, I'm willing to tackle you." "We'll see about that," replied the Cornishman, smiling, "and for the present, here's your health, old man." Thereupon the two ancient enemies took sparing sips of the grape juice, for they are temperate men even if they are not abstainers. Fitz never drinks much. It is doubtful if Corbett drank more than half a pint of champagne, even though 2,874 well-wishers invited him again and again to join them. He really likes tea better than any alcoholic drink. "Kid" McCoy remained at home most of the day, and did not stay very long in his saloon, at Broadway and Fortieth Street. He says he is going to sell the place and get out of the liquor business. That is what he will do if he considers the advice of his best friends and real well-wishers. He ought to live in a pleasant house in some country place like Saratoga Lake, or up in the Adirondacks, where he can exercise regularly and grow big and strong. If he will only do this he can still hope with reason to become champion of the world some day. William A. Brady, on behalf of Champion Jem Jeffries, came out with an offer late yesterday that may lead to a beautiful fight. "We are ready," said Mr. Brady, "to fight Fitzsimmons either at Carson City or San Francisco within four weeks for $20,000 a-side. We are willing to drop all other business and fight to a finish. I hope Fitz will be just as willing to fight as we are." Up to a late hour last night no answer had been received to this challenge. It is likely, though, that a championship battle will soon be under way. "I suppose the public all over the world will feel satisfied now that I was robbed out of my fight with Sharkey in San Francisco," said Bob Fitzsimmons on Saturday night, "as I beat him just as fairly then as I did Friday night. I wouldn't have cared for them robbing me out of the decision if they had only given me the $10,000 purse, as I needed the money very badly at the time." When Wyatt Earp, who refereed the fight between Fitz and Sharkey in San Francisco, heard that "Lanky" Bob had defeated "Sailor" Tom, he wired Sharkey as follows: "Sorry you lost, Tom. If I could have left my business I would have gone to New York and refereed the fight for you and my dear friend Fitzsimmons." When Fitz heard of Earp's telegram to Sharkey he raised his hands to Heaven and said: "I am glad Earp stayed away. If he had refereed the fight I would have surely lost on a foul." John L. Sullivan, once the best of them all, and now a popular idol in retirement, received a rousing benefit at the Madison Square Garden last night under the auspices of the Twentieth Century A.C. The show netted quite an amount, which, with subscriptions, will yield about $15,000. The best exhibition of the night was that provided by Bob Fitzsimmons and his sparring partner, Jeff Thorne. They showed how easy it is to fake grogginess, falls, and knock-downs, and caught the crowd in great style. Fitzsimmons got the biggest reception from the spectators, not excepting Sullivan. About six thousand saw the sport, and thoroughly enjoyed it. Billy Hanrahan, of Brooklyn, and George Byers, of Boston, clashed for fifteen rounds at the first show of the new Pawtucket Athletic Club, at Pawtucket, Wednesday night. The Brooklyn man seemed very awkward, and Byers's cleverness off-set such use as Hanrahan made of his big advantage in height and reach. In two or three rounds Hanrahan worked hard, but as a rule he failed to follow up his advantage. In the last round Hanrahan forced the pace, but Byers blocked his attacks well, and made it a draw. The preliminaries were six rounds between John A. Sullivan, the former Californian, and "Chic" Moynihan, of Brockton, and four rounds between George Boucher and George Woodward, of Taunton. Both were draws. The last glove fight at the Broadway A.C., under the law which became a dead letter at 12 o'clock last night, drew a crowded house, and also turned out to be a most sensational affair. Joe Gans, of Baltimore, met clever Dal Hawkins, of California, and the latter was knocked out in the third round at a time when Gans appeared to be in serious trouble himself. When Hawkins had been carried to his corner the crowd stood up and sang "Auld Lang Syne."

THE TATTLER.

GEORGE STEADMAN,

The Champion Cumberland and Westmoreland Wrestler, Retires from the Ring.

(With Portrait.)

GEORGE STEADMAN, the Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestler, has decided to retire on his laurels. Few wrestlers have had a longer or more successful career. His weight has always been in his favour, for he has probably never encountered a heavier man than Lowden, who, when he threw Steadman eight years ago, turned the scale at 20st. Steadman's heaviest weight, it is believed, was something over 21st. He has not varied much in the last eight years, and is at present 18½st in weight. The heaviest man ever known in the ring was Robson, of Irthington Mill, who scaled 24st when twenty-four years of age.

Previous champions have generally retired from the ring long before they reached the age of Steadman, who is fifty-four. He has wrestled and won in all the rings of the kingdom, and has given exhibitions of Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestling in London, Paris, and elsewhere.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Harry West.
Jack Hibbert.
Professor A. J. Newton.
Dan Sullivan.
Harry Day (canine fancier).
Bernard Jones.
Edward Stannett.
Tom King.
Charley Exall.
Tom Dean.
Jem Snelling.
Corporal Saunders.
Bob White.
Jack Everhardt (of America).
William Simpson.
Bill Wood (Borough).
Billy Gordon.
James Allen.
Charley Smirk.
W. Mountstephens.
Mike Moran.
Jem Connors.
Max Muller (wrestler).
Alf Mitchard (Baltimore, U.S.A.).
Bert Dorman (Boston).
Billy Tucker (champion ball-puncher).
Tommy Hogan (of America).
Joe Small.
Mr. Sam Nixon and Mrs. Sam Nixon (Liverpool).
Mike Matthews.
Jem Climson
Sailor Richardson.
Mr. William Dart (journalist).
Charles Reynolds.
Private Albert Wheeler.
Sam Brown (Derby Arms, East Sheen).
Frank Craig (the "Coffee Cooler").
George P. Gardiner (of Ireland).
Charley McKeever (of America).
John Hinton.
Harry A. Crowhurst.
Owen Kenny (manager of George P. Gardiner).
Herman F. Wolff.
Jack Scales.
George Willard.
Jas. F. Byth.
Len Slorus.
Mr. Eugene Corbie.

CHARLEY EXALL WILL BE UNABLE to accept any challenges until the end of November.

GEORGE P. GARDINER.

Of Ireland, who Defeated Frank W. Craig, the "Coffee Cooler," at Wonderland, on Monday Evening, September 10, in Four Rounds.

(With Portrait.)

GEORGE GARDINER, middle-weight, was born in County Clare, Ireland, in February, 1879, and is now twenty-one years of age. When a boy he removed with his parents to Manchester, N.H., where he began his fistic career in 1897. About a year ago he removed to Lowell, Mass., with his folks, and has since resided there. His record in full is published for the first time below:—1897—March 7, beat Mat Leary, Manchester, N.H., 4rds; March 10, knocked out Jack Young, Manchester, N.H., 3rds; March 17, knocked out Jack Young, Manchester, N.H., 2rds; April 10, knocked out Tom Moore, Laconia, N.H., 4rds; April 27, knocked out Tom O'Brien, Concord, N.H., 1rd; May 14, knocked out Emmet Johnson, Manchester, N.H, 3rds; May 20, knocked out Hugh Winters, Manchester, N.H., 6rds. 1898 — November 20, knocked out Hugh Colgan, Philadelphia, 3rds; December 10, beat Professor Evans, Manchester, N.H., 3rds; December 25, knocked out "Thunderbolt" Smith, Montreal, Can., 7rds. 1899—January 20, drew with Bob Montgomery, Manchester, N.H., 10rds; March 24, knocked out Andy Moynahan, Manchester, N.H., 3rds; April 9, beat John E. Butler, Lowell, 7rds; June 7, beat Young Sharkey, Lowell, 9rds; July 31, draw with Dick Simms, Lowell, 6rds; August 7, beat Harry Fisher, Brooklyn, 17rds; September 16, lost to Jemmy Handler, Brooklyn, 18rds; December 12, beat Jack Moffatt, B.A.C., N.Y., 8rds. 1900—January 9, beat Harry Fisher, Lynn, 9rds; February 2, draw with George Byers, Lynn, 15rds; February 12, knocked out Jemmy Handler, Brooklyn, 3rds; February 22, beat George Byers, Hartford, Ct., 14rds; March 14, beat Jack Burke, Lynn, 4rds; April 17, beat Jack Fitzpatrick, Portland, 9rds; April 23, knocked out Dick Baker, Manchester, N.H., 4rds; May 6, beat Charley Goff, Utica, N.Y., 7rds; May 14, draw with George Byers, Boston, 15rds; May 31, beat "Kid" Carter, C.I., S.C., 19rds; met Frank Craig (the "Coffee Cooler"), at Wonderland, September 10, and defeated him in four rounds.

A PLUCKY NORTH-WESTERN HUNTRESS.

Single-Handed She Disposes of a Grisly Bear.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE grisly bear, a large and ferocious animal which is to be found in Western North America, is perhaps the most dreaded animal in the world to meet at close quarters. Even when mortally wounded, it will seize the hunter in its last death struggle, and with a terrific hug crush the life out of his body. A young girl, named Netty Wheeler, the daughter of a trapper, in company with her sister on a shooting expedition, had a very narrow escape from bruin. Seeing the bear about fifty yards away, she raised her rifle and sent a bullet behind the animal's shoulder. Instead of taking flight, the bear came quickly forward. Again another bullet was lodged in its body. There was no time for another shot, and as the bear rose on its hind legs the girl drew a large knife to defend herself, when the bear rolled over dead.

OUR LETTER BOX.

LETTERS are lying at our office for:—

Miss Vesta Victoria (music hall comedienne).
"Greek" George.
Sam Fitzpatrick (of New York).
Bobby Dobbs (three).
Mr. N. E. Barnes.
Mr. Solomon.
J. Gans (two).
Frank Leon (two).
Charles Connolly.
Robert Fitzsimmons (three) (ex-champion).
J. W. Abbott.
Goliath.
A. McDonald.
Alec Hurley.
George Fox Giles.
P. Gorman.
Billy Plimmer.
Driver Pincher.
C. McCoy.
Ernie Greaves.
Claude Thompson.
H. Chance Newton.
Jem Holloway (of South Africa).
Billy Ross.
George Slark.
J. Corbett.
Jem Hall (of Australia).
Mr. Bert Dorman.

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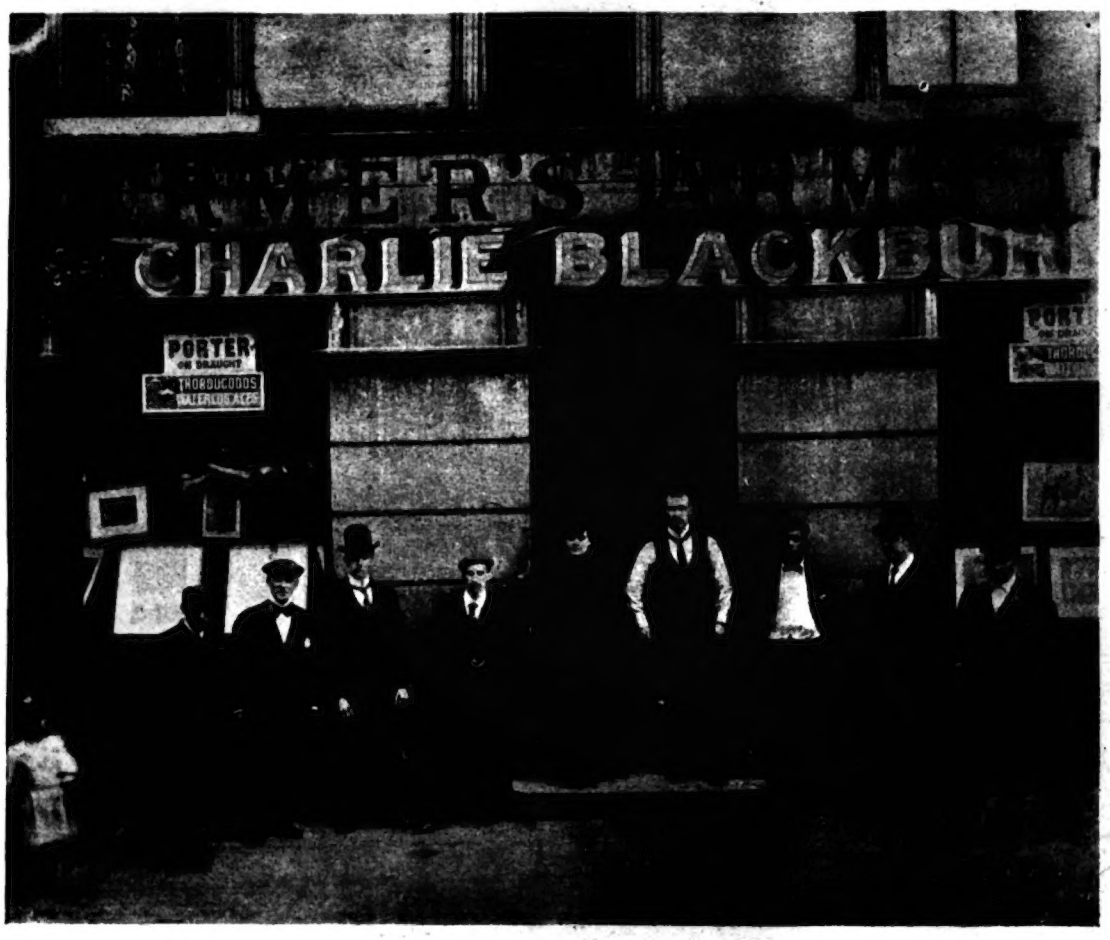
Address—G. DAY, 10, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. He thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]



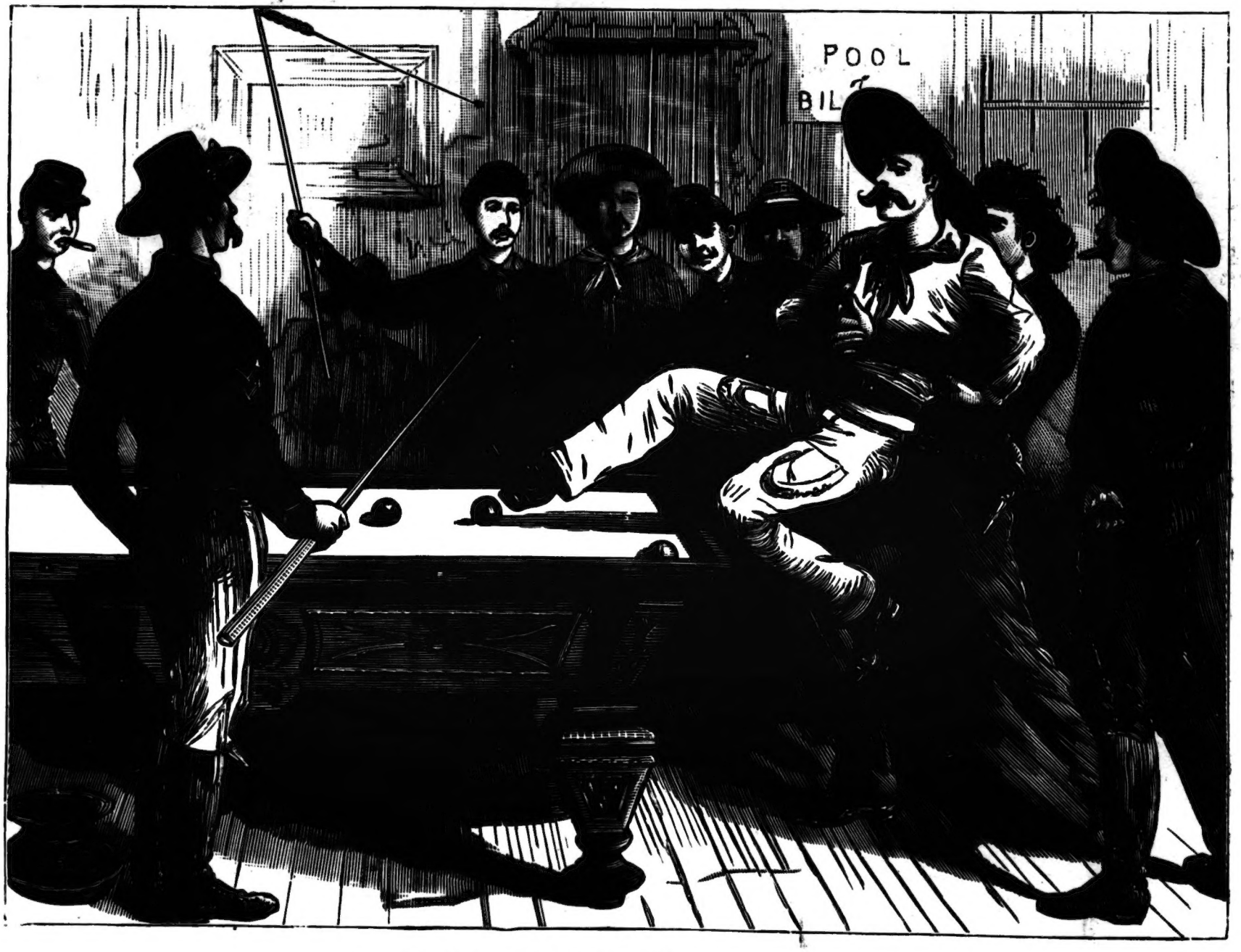
Photographed by W. E. Rawlings, Liverpool.

THE FARMERS' ARMS,

Great Newton Street, Liverpool, Proprietored by Charlie Blackburn, Retired 9st 4lb Champion of Lancashire.

SANDY DONALDSON,

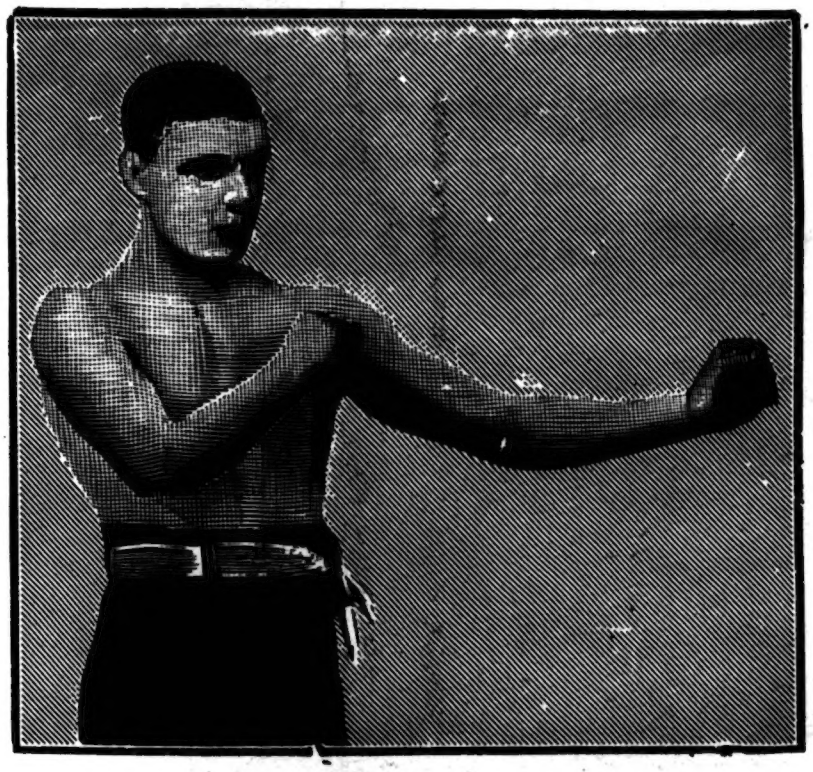
A Youth from Edinburgh who Boxed at 9st with Success.



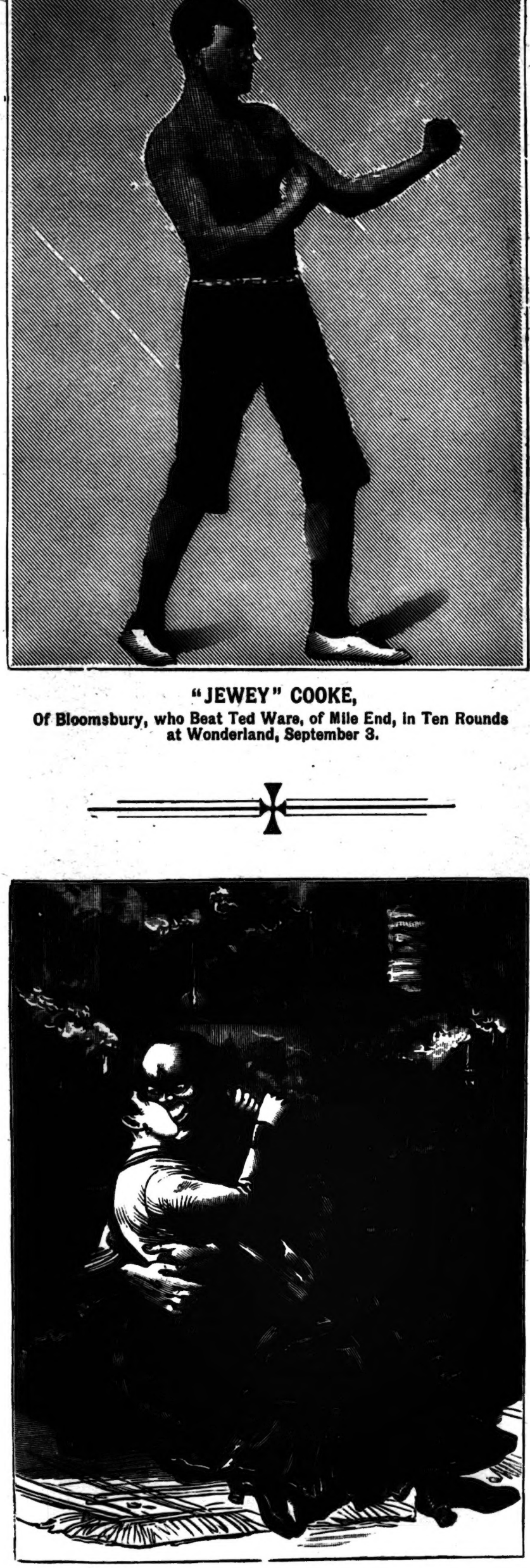
PLAYED BILLIARDS WITH HIS FEET.

Another Method of Manipulating the Ivories.

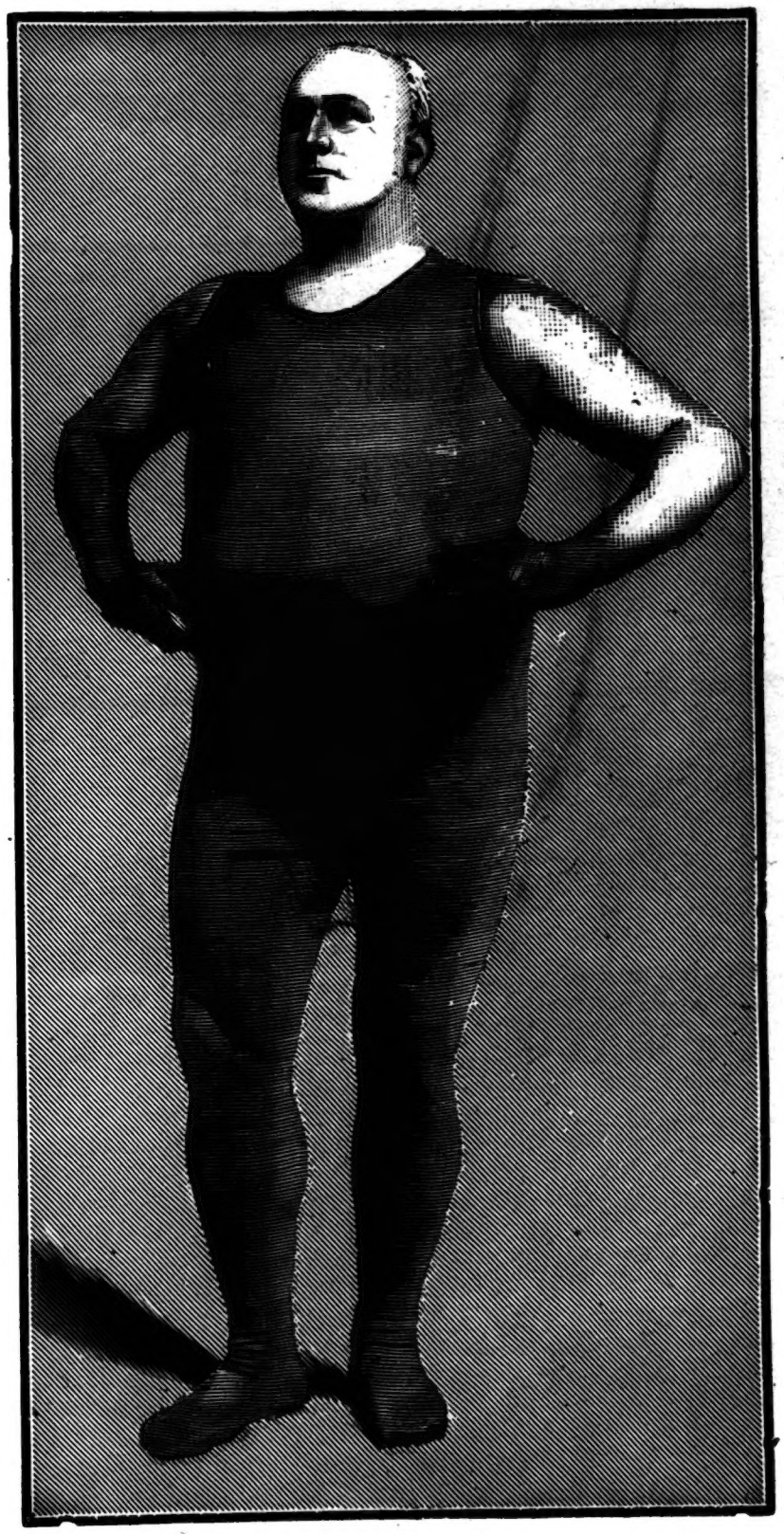
"JEWEY" COOKE,
Of Bloomsbury, who Beat Ted Ware, of Mile End, in Ten Rounds at Wonderland, September 3.



TED WARE,
Of Mile End, who was Defeated by "Jewey" Cooke in Ten Rounds at Wonderland, September 3.



IN THE OPIUM DEN.
Seductive Charm of Smoking the Pipe.



GEORGE STEADMAN,
The Champion Cumberland and Westmorland Wrestler, Retires from the Ring.

WAPPING REGATTA.—J. METCALF wins first prize.—The annual regatta held under the above title was decided on Thursday in delightful weather, and thanks to excellent management proved a decided success. Prizes to the value of £60 were given for a scullers' race, the first prize being a new oak built waterman's skiff, presented by Messrs. Charles Crawley and Dalby Williams. Second prize: £8 and a cup, the gift of T. R. Dewar. Third prize: £4 and a handsome timepiece, given by Alex. Gill, Gun Tavern, Blackwall. Fourth prize: £3. Fifth prize: £2 10s. Sixth prize: £2, and last man in each heat £1 10s. The racing throughout proved thoroughly interesting, the final heat being won by J. Metcalf, of Wapping. The s.s. Fuchsia, Captain Walter Adam, which was chartered to follow the racing, was exceedingly well filled by subscribers and friends. Mr. G. A. Larnder, the manager, acted as starter; Mr. George Porter, distance judge; J. Hulls, jun., referee. All stations count from the Surrey shore. Details: Heat 1 (course from Shadwell Fish Market, up round St. Katherine's Dock Buoy, down round a flag moored off the Fish Market, up and finish at Tunnel Pier): Station 1—James Metcalf, of Wapping, first. Station 2—George Metcalf, of Wapping, second. Station 3—H. Arms, of Stepney, third. Heat 2: Station 1—C. Chalk, of Wapping, first. Station 2—T. Briant, of Shadwell, second. Station 3—J. Pocock, of Stepney, third. Heat 3 (course from Tower Bridge to Shadwell Fish Market, and up to Tower Bridge, finishing at Tunnel Pier): Station 2.—B. Steer, Wapping, first. Station 3.—C. Crawley, Wapping, second. Station 1.—C. Crawley, Limehouse, third. Consolation heat between the second men in the opening heats, the winner rowing in the final (course same as previous heat).—Station 2.—T. Briant, first. Station 1. G. Metcalf, second. Station 3.—C. Crawley, Wapping third. Final heat (course same as consolation heat): J. Metcalf, first; B. Steers, second; F. Briant, third; C. Chalk, 0. Upon the men being despatched on their journey, Metcalf, who was a pronounced favourite, at once began to draw away, Steers rowing second, a considerable distance behind. Although during the last half mile Steers made a great effort, he could never reach Metcalf, who won by quite a dozen lengths; Briant, beaten off.

A FOX IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—Mr. Calcutt, the well-known sporting meat salesman of the Metropolitan Market, has stables near Westminster Abbey, and here Harry Day, his dog trainer, had deposited a fine young vixen fox caught, when three months old, in Gloucestershire. The fox is now six months old, and under Harry Day's training has been taught to kill rats or rabbits, and to follow Harry like a dog. Escaping from the stables, the vixen found its way into Westminster Abbey, where it was captured on the prowl and conveyed to Scotland Yard like any ordinary culprit. Harry Day was communicated with at his residence, and when he visited the yard the fox barked and yelped and jumped with such delight when he saw Harry that the inspector on duty said, "Do not take it away until our chief arrives; I should like him to see how a fox can be tamed to show affection to a trainer." The chief came and was surprised, as also were we when we saw the fox caressing Harry Day and licking his face.

THE MOST RECENT CHANNEL Swim. — The Austrian champion lady swimmer, Mme. Isacescu, failed in her attempt, begun on Wednesday morning, to swim from Calais to Dover. After a remarkable swim of nearly 20 miles she gave up, and was taken aboard the tug. Before leaving Calais at half-past seven a.m. Mme. von Isacescu saturated her skin with porpoise oil. The weather was perfect. She wore an ordinary bathing dress, arms and legs below the knees being left bare. She takes the simplest food, and no alcohol; she prefers warm tea. The plucky swimmer was watched from the shore until lost sight of several miles out in the Channel. She will probably make another attempt this week if the weather conditions are favourable.

DAN LENO'S COMIC CRICKET. — A very large company, numbering some 3,000 or 4,000 persons, assisted on Thursday at the cricket match arranged by "Captain" Dan Leno, and Dewar's Eleven, in aid of several charities. The match was played in the grounds of the Grove Hotel, Lordship Lane. Dan Leno was attired first as Sinbad the Sailor, and later as Mrs. Kelly. Many leading music hall artistes took part, and by way of a little diversion there were performances on bicyles, and Dan Leno and Fred Griffiths had a wrestling match. When his side had made about seven runs Dan declared the innings closed for 442. The umpires were two giants, one of whom is well known at a certain hostelry in the Strand, the other being doorkeeper at the Grand Hall, Clapham Junction. Altogether the event was a great success, and the fixture next year takes place at Kennington Oval.

UXBRIDGE CYCLING CLUB Sports.—The Uxbridge Cycling Club held their athletic meeting on the Uxbridge cricket ground on Wednesday. The results of the open races were as follows:—100 Yards Flat Handicap.—A. E. Janes (Reading A.C.), 6½ yards, 1; A. E. Stones (Polytechnic H.), 5, 2; H. J. Tanner (Chertsey H.), 5½, 3. Time, 9 2-5sec. One Mile Cycle Handicap.—H. C. Bremmer (Danes C.C.), 120 yards start, 1; G. F. White (St. Alban's C.C.), 150, 2; E. W. Judge (Watford Wheelers), 160, 3. Time, 2min 26 3-5sec. Two Miles Cycle Handicap—T. Vickery (Southern C.C.), 290 yards start, 1; G. Lomas (Croydon Acacias), 350, 2; W. H. Bozington (Hanover C.C.), 160, 3. Time, 5min 33sec. One Mile Flat Handicap.—H. F. Darby (Queen's Park H.), 78 yards start, 1; C. Vickers (Finchley H.), 120, 2. Time, 4min 36 4-5sec. 440 Yards Flat Handicap.—F. Cose (unattached), 22 yards start, 1; A. Knight (Vale of Aylesbury A.C.), 22, 2; J. Hursey (Lawson H.), 29, 3. Time, 51 1-5sec.

A CRICKET MATCH FOR THE benefit of Tom Sherman (who in the old cricket days played for the county of Surrey and represented All England on several occasions) will take place on Mitcham Green next Saturday, September 15, between Charley Richardson's Mitcham team and Charley Geary's Croydon team. To commence at one o'clock sharp. Tom Sherman was born December 1, 1825, commenced playing village matches 1840, and for Surrey County in 1848. In the fifties, whilst playing for the County, Surrey won all matches for three successive seasons.

AQUATICS. — NORTH SIDE JOINT Dock Stevedores' Thirty-third Annual Regatta.—On Thursday evening, the 6th inst., one of the largest attendance of supporters of aquatics assembled at Mr. C. Brown's Railway Tavern, West India Dock Road, the occasion being the night set apart for the selection of competitors for the above regatta, which have been under the management of W. Murphy for the past twenty-one years. The following men have been selected by the committee: — J. Hooper, Alf Turner, J. Balaam, J. Oakley, H. Groves, P. Quill, G. Davis, W. Clark. Reserve men: P. Collins, F. Barrett.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.—George Towns, of Australia, on Monday, defeated James Wray, another Australian, by two and a half lengths over the Thames Championship course, from Putney to Mortlake, for the challenge cup and £200 a-side, the loser never being in the race after Hammersmith Bridge was passed.

AHENT RAPID SHAVING WE HAVE received the following letter:—

374, High Street, Bangor.
September 7, 1900.

To the EDITOR of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

DEAR SIR,—I notice in your paper, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, on page five, a gentleman of the name of James Hardie willing to compete with anyone of his own age in clean and rapid shaving. I beg to accept the challenge. I am prepared to meet him in this city or in any other town, provided certain terms are entered upon between us—say for instance, two arbitrators, one to be chosen by each party, and in case of dispute an independent umpire, chosen by the committee selected to see that the matter is carried on fairly and squarely, and to the satisfaction of the public as well as the fraternity.

Yours faithfully,
O. R. WILLIAMS.

QUITE PREPARED FOR THE RUNAWAYS.

Father Effectually Stopped Their Little Plans.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE course of true love never runs smooth, and the lady's father who figures in this story did not approve of Mr. Robert Johnson paying his attention to his daughter, so that admittance to the home of Robert's devotion was denied. In spite of this, and to settle the matter for good, Johnson prepared a plan of elopement, and waited within easy distance of the house to be joined by the young lady, but her father was also waiting, and when the pair met by the bridge the old man gave chase, and, presenting a revolver, declared he would shoot if they did not return. The lady was compelled to stop, as she was carrying her shoes in her hand, and the road stones bruised her feet.

BILL WOODS, OF THE BORO', WILL box Arthur Sidley, of St. John's, ten or fifteen rounds for £10, open to £25 a-side. An early answer will oblige.

PETER HOUSTON, OF HUTTON Street, Coatbridge, challenges P. Murty, of Airdrie, to fight Jack Costello, of Coatbridge, from £5 to £10 a-side, for any number of rounds or to a finish.

FRANK W. CRAIG,

The "Coffee Cooler," who Met George P. Gardiner, of Ireland, at Wonderland, on Monday Evening, September 10.

(With Portrait.)

FRANK W. CRAIG was born in New York, April 1, 1870; height, 5ft 10¼in.

He has fought draws with Bill Dunn, 6rds, 8rds, and Dan Creedon, 4rds. He has been beaten by Bill Dunn, 3rds; Joe Butler, 2rds; Austin Gibbons, 4rds; Dan Creedon, 4rds; knocked out by Peter Maher, 2rds; knocked out by Frank P. Slavin, 1rd, 1895.

His principal victories are:—Yeaman Fisher, 10rds; Grant Mack, 6rds; George Broad, 2rds; James Fraser, 1rd; Bill Davis, 6rds; Fred Woods, 5rds; Jack Van Houten, 6rds; George Gannon, 2rds; Con Coughlin, 1rd; Billy McCarthy, 6rd; Joe Ellingsworth, 7rd; Dick Baker, 2rds; Johnny Gorman, 2rds; Frank Thompson, 2rds; Fred Morris (skin gloves), 18rds; Bill Dunn, 1rd; Peter Burns, 1rd; Bill Slavin, 2rds; Jack O'Brien, 2rds; Tom Montgomery, 1rd; J. Tully, 2rds; Dan Cleary, 1rd; Bill Cheese, 1rd; Joe Steers, 4rds; Jack Bogan, 3rds; J. Daly, 2rds; Alf Philips, 2rds; Alf Bannister, 4rds; Alf Mitchell, 2rds; Ted Pritchard, 1rd; defeated by Dan Creedon, 20rds; beaten by Dick O'Brien, 2rds; knocked out Billy Edwards, 12rds; knocked out George Crisp, 13rds; beaten by Tommy Ryan, 10rds; beaten by Jack Root, 6rds; beaten by Tommy West, 14rds; met George P. Gardiner at Wonderland, September 10, and was disqualified in the fourth round.

SANDY DONALDSON,

A Youth from Edinburgh who Boxed at 9st with Success.

(With Portrait.)

SANDY DONALDSON began boxing about four years ago under the tutelage of Mr. James Lowes, Percy Cottage, Newcastle, and fought the following, viz.:—Beaten by Dick Johnson, Newcastle, 6rds; beat Common, London, 4rds; won an 8st 4lb competition, beating Palmer, of Benwell, in final; beaten by Bert Smith, London, N.S.C., 6rds; draw Tom Dixon, Newcastle, 4rds; beat Bob Gullan, Newcastle, five times, viz., 6rds, 4rds, 7rds, 6rds, 3rds; beaten by George Bell, Newcastle, 20rds; draw with George Bell, Newcastle (twice), 8rds, 8rds; draw with "Darkey" Irvine (twice), 8rds, 8rds; beat "Darkey" Irvine, Newcastle, 7rds; beat T. Hamilton, Newcastle, 8rds; beat T. Welsh, Sunderland, 8rds; beat Tom Connolly, Hamilton, 12rds; draw, Bob Hardy, Newcastle, 8rds; beat Bob Hardy, Newcastle, 3rds; drew with T. Palmer, Benwell (twice), 8rds, 8rds; beat Spence, Newcastle, 4rds; beat Grotty (Irish Cyclone), 3rds; beat Bob Wilkinson, Jarrow, 8rds; draw with Tod, of Morpeth, 8rds.

THE WOULD-BE BRIDEGROOM MADE A GRUESOME DISCOVERY.

A Human Heart Lay Hidden in a Beautiful Jewel Box.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A WEALTHY Ialian lady living at Palermo was about to wed one of the best-known nobleman in Tuscany; before the marriage Count Foligno, the perspective bridegroom, paid the lady a visit, and by an act of idle curiosity he opened what he thought to be a jewel case, but to his astonishment the box contained a human heart, through which was driven a jewelled dagger with an inscription of a single word, "Revenge," written on a piece of parchment. It was well known that a rival of this lady had disappeared suddenly, and never since been heard of. The Count, after this gruesome discovery, left the house, and the marriage will, it is said, not take place.

A FREE GIFT.

If you wish the best medical work published, with Coloured Lithograph Illustrations, send to

GEO. E. MEYRICK,

172, Fleet Street, London, E.C., and a copy of

DR. KAUFMANN ON DISEASE,

Its Causes and Home Cure,

will be forwarded by return post free of charge.

Don't Neglect this Offer.

ADVT.

THERE IS A RUMOUR THAT THOSE clever duettists and patter merchants, Tennyson and O'Gorman, will, ere many months have flown, dissolve partnership.

"SIBERIA" HAS APPARENTLY BEcome part and parcel of the excellent entertainment at the Hippodrome, and is likely to remain in the programme for a lengthy period.

THE TIVOLI'S NINTH ANNIVERsary of course drew a tremendous crowd. The programme numbered over sixty turns, and it was altogether a big night. Perhaps the song that received most applause was that contributed by J. L. Shine, entitled "Too Old." It was thoroughly appreciated.

"THE SCARLET SIN," A NEW DRAMA in five acts, by Geo. R. Sims and Arthur Shirley, recently tried at Liverpool, was pronounced by all who saw it a huge success. It is due at the Crown Theatre, Peckham, on Monday next.

BLACKPOOL VISITORS CAN always rely upon being well served in the way of entertainers, last week Madame Albani drew record audiences at the Winter Gardens.

MRS. LANGTRY IS TOURING WITH "The Degenerates," a play in which she made a big success in London. She played to record houses last week in Scarborough, and is doing excellently at the Royal, Portsmouth, this week.

GEORGE ROBEY HAS CAPTURED A couple of first-rate songs in "These Things are Only Sent to Try Us" and "Then I Understood."

LEONARD MORTIMER'S LATEST sketch entitled, "The Fight for Africa," recently produced at Sadler's Wells, contains plenty of plot of a highly interesting kind, and ought to be popular at the halls.

AT THE CAMBRIDGE, WHERE THE two houses a night system is highly popular, the bill is topped by the stately Miss Harriett Vernon, Jimmy Fawn, George Leyton, Miss Kitty Corbett, and many other excellent entertainers also contribute first-class items.

THE SISTERS HAYDEN ARE A welcome turn in a programme stocked with good things at the Royal, their "Red Cross Nurse" song, with appropriate scenery, being much appreciated; these talented ladies open at the Empire, Brighton, on Monday next.

GATTI'S (ROAD) PROGRAMME numbers a much appreciated turn in that contributed by the Brothers Horn, in which the gloves play a very prominent part.

THE CANTERBURY PROGRAMME numbers very many excellent turns, foremost among them being the one and only Dan Leno, Servais Le Roy, with new business; Miss Lily Marney, of "Arrah Go On" fame; Tom and Lily English, whose turn goes great; George Robey, the rib tickler, with a couple of songs that keep the audience roaring from start to finish; J. Fawn, the Collinson Trio, Florrie Groves and Company, in the popular sketch "Meg"; Cliff Ryland, with new and funny wheezes; the Three Castles, in their well-known and always appreciated statue dance; Bernard Armstrong, and others.

THE QUEEN'S, POPLAR, HAS BEEN drawing crowded and appreciative audiences. Tom Leamore finished here last week, and his admirers are inquiring when they may hope to see him again. J. P. Dryden, with a specially selected company in a sketch entitled "The Mill Grinds Slowly," also met with much favour. Those clever operatic duettists, the Bancrofts, delighted with their sweet voices. Charming Miss Millie Lindon, with her famous "What is a Gentleman?" song, gained many hands, and those laughable aerial knockabouts, Rezene and Robini, caused roars of laughter with their clever fooling. Frank Coyne, "Have It Over Your Side," and Johnny Wells are both clever comedians, unique in their way. La Belle Maie dances the serpentine dance on a wire, Arthur Stacey proves himself a comedian and top-boot dancer of no mean order, Miss Maggie Sims, a clever vocalist and dancer, the Leonards, and the Sisters Pine also put in good work. A couple of very funny black and white comedians also contributed an amusing skit, entitled "The Haunted House."

DAVE.

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during September:—

SEPTEMBER 22.—J. T. Hull's Boxing Tournament, Drill Hall, Woolwich.

SEPTEMBER 24.—Charlie Mannering's Grand Boxing Show at New Brompton Chatham.

SEPTEMBER 24.—At the Tee-To-Tum Club, Stamford Hill, Dick Parkes v. Bill Hutchinson, ten rounds; George Dunny v. Len Sodeu, eight rounds; Charlie Brown, v. Joe Scott, six rounds; Geo. Nash v. Bob Hanson, eight rounds; Bert Smith v. Bob Munn, eight rounds.

THE GREAT PUGILISTIC CONTEST FOR £400 AND THE MIDDLE-WEIGHT ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP AT WONDERLAND.

FRANK CRAIG ("COFFEE COOLER") OF ENGLAND, V. GEORGE P. GARDINER, OF IRELAND.

WE SHALL HAVE TO GO A LONG way back to find a meeting between a pugilistic representative of the Green Isle and a representative of England, for the "Cooler," though black, has elected to fight under the Union Jack, and Gardiner will slog under the ægis of the green flag of Erin. The contests ever memorable in the history of pugilism between a representative of England and a representative of Ireland were the two battles between Jack Langan, representing Ireland, and Tom Spring, the English pugilistic champion. No battles in the history of the British Prize-ring ever caused a greater furore, thousands journeying by every kind of conveyance, not excepting "Shanks's pony," to see the second battle at Worcester, where a wooden stage was erected by permission of the justices of the district. Men, as a rule, when being led to execution, have other thoughts than winners of fights. Yet it is related that when Thurtell, a well-known supporter of the Fancy, and the murderer of a money-lender, one Mr. Weare, was being led to execution, he was more anxious to know the winner of the Spring v. Langan fight than for his soul's eternal welfare. The match under notice, for the Middle-weight Championship of Great Britain, contested for by a black man who elected to fight under the British pennon, and an Irishman who elected to fight under the green flag for a Middle-weight Championship, if it did not cause the sensation in London and the provinces of a Langan and Spring fight, certainly caused more than the usual commotion attendant on a modern championship. For why? For the last six years or more the "Coffee Cooler" has been a familiar figure to all lovers of boxing. In England he has beaten all comers, with the exception of Dan Creedon and Dick O'Brien, and it was thought he was invincible at his weight, so invincible that his manager essayed for the "Cooler" the task of encountering "Paddy" Slavin, then at his best. The "Coffee Cooler" had proved himself a rattling good middle-weight. Thus, while everybody knew the "Cooler's" form, few knew the form of George Gardiner, of Ireland. When the Sullivans ("Spike" and Dave) came over here, and were domiciled at Chipperfield, although they had but recently emigrated from Knock Nanaffe, Ireland, not a bit of green, but the herbage surrounding the house, was to be seen in their menage, but a huge American flag half covered Host Hastings' dining-room. George Gardiner neither made a parade of the stars and stripes or the green flag of Erin. The Irishman went about his work in a quiet, unpretentious manner, and, although working like a horse, to the unobservant eye George did not appear to be doing anything but taking matters easily. After the first week or two at Chipperfield, Gardiner was down to his weight, and all he had to do was to take moderate exercise, and keep well and strong. We have only recently related the modus operandi by which George carved himself into shape, but when he arrived at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office on Monday morning George had a preliminary canter on the scales before the proper time of scaling, four o'clock, when it was found that George Gardiner, in the state of Adam before his fall (minus the leaves), weighed exactly 158lb.

The "Coffee Cooler" appeared to regard his contest with George Gardiner as an absolute cinch, and when the match was made at THE MIRROR OF LIFE offices some five weeks ago, the "Coffee Cooler" did not hesitate to say that he felt like Tommy Dodd, "bound to win." When the N.S.C. could not give the "Coffee Cooler" v. George Gardiner a date earlier than the middle of October, the N.S.C. purse would have suited Frank Craig, for he (Craig) had music-hall engagements nearly up to that date. In fact, when it was suggested that the date should be fixed for September 3, at Wonderland, the "Coffee Cooler" objected on the score that he had an engagement for that week, so to suit his sable highness the date was fixed for September 10, at Wonderland. The "Coffee Cooler," being a teetotaller, has fewer temptations than most boxers of the beer-drinking persuasion, consequently he is always in good fettle. A week before the contest the "Cooler" settled down to real hard work, near Brighton, where, at his (the "Cooler's") invitation, a representative of THE MIRROR OF LIFE interviewed him, and found him in really fine fettle.

At four o'clock precisely both the "Coffee Cooler" and George Gardiner entered the precincts of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and disrobed in the presence of a crowd of sports, some of whose names are given in the list of visitors. George Gardiner, with "nuddings on," touched 11st 3½lb or 157½lbs to the tick. The "Cooler" followed next, looking apparently in excellent condition, with bunches of muscle on his shoulders like grapes. The black man weighed just a quarter of a pound over the allotted weight. This he accounted for by drinking a glass of water at the railway station. In the old days this drink of his favourite beverage would have lost the "Cooler" his forfeit, as when men were matched to weight and knew there was very little difference in their pugilistic ability they would not allow an opponent the advantage of a copper coin. Shortly after this the party broke up, George Gardiner's nunky taking the Chipperfield party to Anderton's, in Fleet Street, to dinner.

(FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.)

The match made at THE MIRROR OF LIFE offices a short time ago took place at Whitechapel last Monday. As detailed in these columns the "Coffee Cooler" (Frank Craig) and George Gardiner (America) came to terms and agreed to contest twenty three-minute rounds for £100 a-side and 75 per cent. of the receipts of the house on Monday, September 10, and further posted a forfeit of £25 to be 11st 4lb at four o'clock on the day of the contest. The weighing-in took place in the presence of a large number of sportsmen; the first to be weighed was Gardiner, who scaled exactly 11st 3½lb, and then the coloured boxer, who weighed 11st 4½lb. The black man is the better known of the twain, and during his career in England he has met John O'Brien, Ted Pritchard, Tom Duggan, Billy Edwards, and George Chrisp; and his downfall, when, at the Central Hall, Holborn, he met Frank Slavin for the championship of England. Some time ago he visited the United States, but the tour did not turn out satisfactory, Craig sustaining defeat at the hands of Tommy Ryan and Tommy West. The "Cooler's" account of these battles differ from the accounts received, as the black boxer says he was not allowed to win. He has never since his battle with Slavin looked half so well, and when he arrived in London last Monday he looked fit enough to fight for a man's life, every muscle being as hard as iron, and in perfect trim for any amount of exertion. Gardiner also looked fit as a fiddle, but his best weight is 150lb, and he was extra strong battling as a middle-weight. His record has before this appeared in THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and meeting George Byers, Charley Goff, "Kid" Carter, and Jemmy Handler is enough to stamp him a good man. As regards the men, they both thought success certain, but before they commenced odds were being laid on the "Cooler." Weight of metal, however, kept the Irish-American in a good position, no more than 5 to 4 being laid on the black when they entered the ring. These odds were soon vainly asked for, and with the first round over even money was taken and wanted. Craig objected to our representative officiating as timekeeper, and that gentleman gave way, though the articles left it for THE MIRROR OF LIFE to appoint referee and timekeeper. The minor battles Mr. R. Josephs officiated as referee, with Harry Jacobs as timekeeper, and as usual Ben Harris was M.C., while for the big contest THE MIRROR OF LIFE appointed Mr. Eugene Corrie, and Harry Wright timekeeper.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

BILL SADLER (St. Luke's) beat BILL LEWIS (Finsbury).

Time after time these lads meet and go the journey, and every bout they have is exactly the same. Quick and sharp punching that hurts neither, and, as usual, Sadler took the lead half-way through, and gained the award.

FIFTEEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

BILL PIKE (Leytonstone) beat "GINGER" ELLIOTT (Bethnal Green).

Pike was the better boxer, and the first round saw them sparring for an opening, not more than half-a-dozen blows being exchanged when the gong sounded. The following rounds saw some better boxing, Pike boxing on the retreat and continually scoring. Elliott at times tried to mix it, and the last minute of the third round saw both showing the effects of a rally. The suburban resident was very cool and deliberate and seldom went out of his stride, the boxing being more like a clever exhibition than a contest. The seventh round was started by Pike with some body blows, and at the close of the round Elliott doubled up with pain. Early in the eighth meeting Pike sent both hands on the body, and as Elliott had no chance the bout was stopped.

A regular parlour scene next took place, Speaker Harris introducing Charley McKeever, "Dido" Plumb, Ben Jordan, Pat Daley, and Johnny Hughes, amidst great cheering.

FIFTEEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

ARCHIE WRIGHT (Meat Market) beat "DUMMY" FOREST (Bethnal Green).

Wright was the heavier, and almost from the start the antics of his opponent kept the audience alive. Both went easy to work, but Wright could not help laughing at the comical attitudes, and was unable to hit with any force. "Dummy" is clever, but lacks what is most wanted by a fighter, the ability to be hard-hearted and vicious. The laughter could not be stopped, and loud applause greeted every different position that Forest got into. Despite this the bout from the eighth round was a good one, both trying to finish the contest quickly. This came off in the fourteenth round, as Forest staggered all over the ring, and was out at the call of time. He wanted to go on with the bout to the end, but the verdict had been given to Wright.

INTERNATIONAL CONTEST.

GEORGE GARDINER (Ireland) v. FRANK CRAIG (England).

Craig was the first to make his appearance, and was attended by Billy Gordon, Arthur Geere, and Sam Craig, while in his opponent's corner were Jack Everhardt, Billy Tucker, Jack Scales, and Jacob Hyams. The American shaped like an old-time fighter, and but little could be seen of the boxing, as after every blow they got to holds. This caused the referee, Mr. Eugene Corrie, to get into the ring and part them after every punch. Gardiner hit very hard, and before the round ended the betting changed in his favour. The second meeting was a repetition of the previous one as regards holding and Gardiner paid particular attention to his opponent's body. These tactics were continued in the third round, and in some rough scrambles the "Cooler" twice went down, and was groggy and helpless when time was called. The fourth round was started by their closing after the first exchange of blows, and then Craig threw his opponent to the boards. The referee, who had been in the ring during the whole of the battle, at once disqualified the black, the Irish-American being declared the winner amidst a scene of great excitement. It was a very poor contest, being more like a wrestling match than a boxing contest, and from first to last both held the other.

JOE WALCOTT A QUITTER.

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, AUGUST 28.—JOE Walcott, the "Giant Killer," seriously injured his reputation as a pugilist, and also gave the sport of pugilism a black eye at the Madison Square Garden last night. He tackled Tommy West, the well-known middle-weight, in the presence of nearly 6,000 spectators, and had a big advantage from the start. When the eleventh round ended Walcott said that his left arm was injured, and that he could not continue. Referee Charley White was amazed, and argued the matter for some moments with the coloured pugilist. But Walcott was obdurate, so there was nothing left for the referee to do but declare West the winner. Then White called James C. Kennedy into the ring, and said: "In my estimation Walcott has deliberately quit. I am compelled to give the fight to West, but it is an outrage on the public. Walcott was winning easily when he stopped." White then left the ring, and it was announced to the crowd Walcott for some reason had quit, but that the management of the Twentieth Century A.C. had decided to give his share of the purse to some charitable institution. There was a howl of "Fake!" "Robbery!" and "Skin!" from the crowd, and many yelled "Bets off." The management, referee, and several well-known boxing promoters held a confab in the ring in regard to the bets. It was pointed out to them that there is no rule permitting a referee or club manager to declare bets off, and that according to the Queensberry code, under which the men battled, all bets must go with the decision of the referee. As White had officially declared West the winner, it was decided to do nothing about bets in any way. Then, too, it was recalled that when "Honest John" Kelly had declared bets off when Corbett's second, McVey, jumped into the ring to save Jim from a whipping at the hands of Sharkey, he was adversely criticised on similar grounds. After Walcott had gone to his dressing-room, the club's physician, Dr. T. F. DeNaouley, of 102, East Thirty-first Street, was sent to examine the pugilist's arm. Tom O'Rourke, Walcott's manager, was present, and immediately consented to an examination. The doctor, after feeling the joints in the elbow, and jumping the arm up and down, said: "Walcott, there is absolutely nothing the matter with your arm." "Well, it's hurted, I guess," said Walcott; "it don't feel good." "Nothing the matter with it," said the doctor. "He's faking." Walcott, on form, should have been a warm favourite in the betting, but West entered the ring a 100 to 60 favourite. It was a false price, as the fight itself showed. Walcott did all of the fighting in every round. He was strong, more aggressive, and had terrific punching power with him. West was weakened early in the game by stomach punches, and was practically whipped when the end came. Indeed, it seemed to be only a question of a few more rounds when West would have been effectually stopped. West's cleverness in avoiding blows were the only thing that saved him from a quick downfall. He didn't have any steam at all in his own blows, and was an easy mark. In the tenth round Walcott hit West well below the belt, but Referee White was not in the right place to see it, so he could not have disqualified him for the offence. Again, in the eleventh, Walcott hit low, but the referee paid no attention to West's protest. So when Walcott stopped as the twelfth was called for by the gong it was the opinion of many that Walcott was driven to the worn-out trick of "injured arm." There was not a blow received by Walcott in any round that had force enough to injure him enough to make him fearful of the result, so that his actions were open to severe censure. Heretofore his manager, the "Honourable" Tom O'Rourke, has always seconded Walcott, but last night O'Rourke did not act in that capacity, but sat in a box at the ring-side.

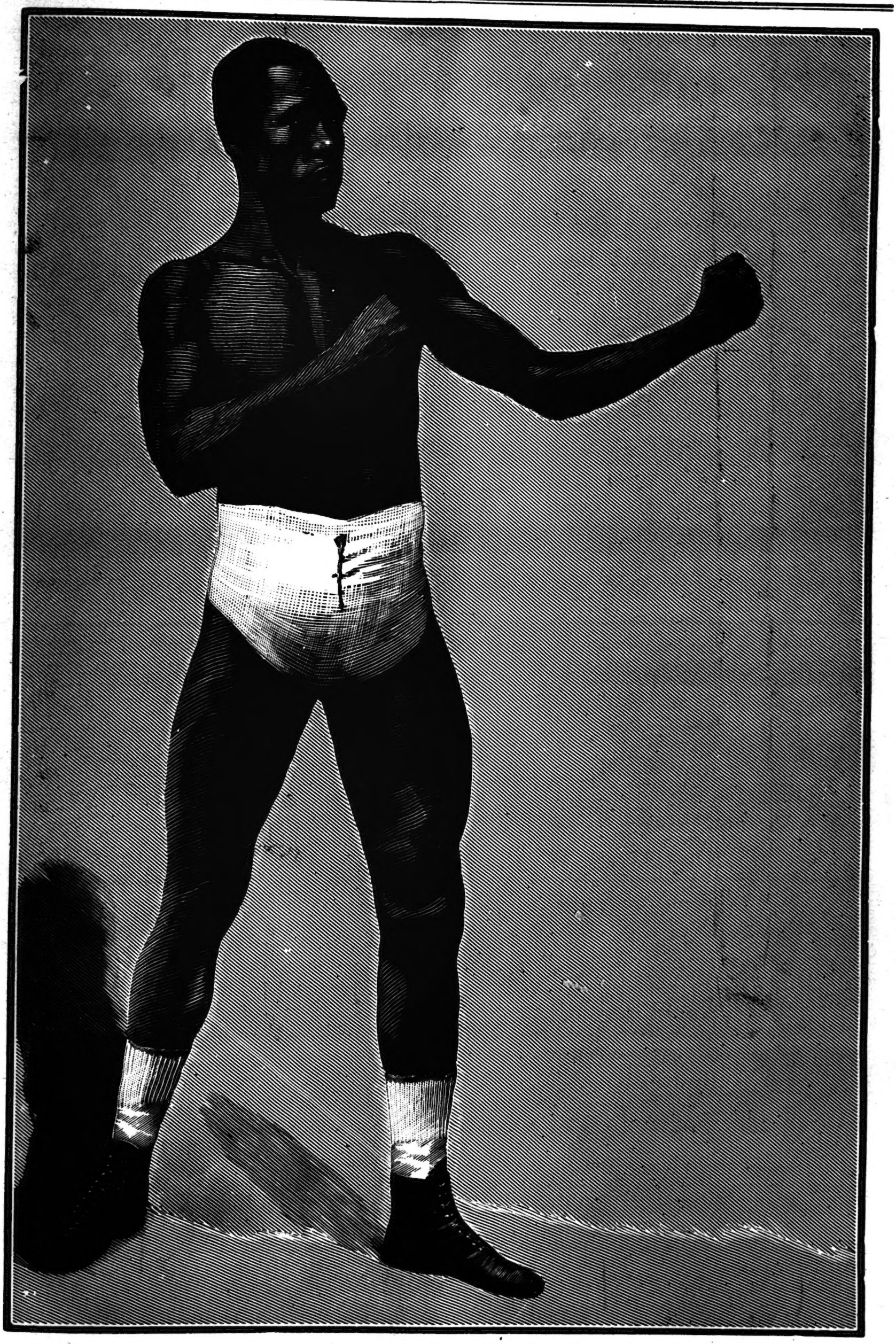
SUDDEN DEATH OF A WELL-known Midland Pugilist.—Tom M'Naney, who until a few years ago took an active part in boxing, died suddenly at Dudley on Wednesday last. A rupture of a blood vessel was the cause of death, M'Naney being only thirty-nine years of age. Deceased's fistic performances were confined to the Black Country, his last serious encounter being with Regan, of Tipton. During the progress of this fight the police came on the scene, the principals and some of the spectators being afterwards fined and bound over.

JAMES McCALLUN, OF BRIDGETON, is open to meet Fred Student, of the same city, any number of rounds, at catch-weight, for from £10 to £25 a-side, and the best purse offered, in Glasgow or Edinburgh.

"SAILOR" RICHARDSON, BEING unable to get a match on at 8st 6lb, will box any man at 8st 10lb for a purse, and will be prepared to take odds on the night. Patsey Walsh can be on at catch-weight.

GEORGE P. GARDINER,

Of Ireland, who Met Frank W. Craig, "The Coffee Cooler," at Wonderland on Monday Evening, September 10.



FRANK W. CRAIG,

"The Coffee Cooler," who Met George P. Gardiner, of Ireland, at Wonderland on Monday Evening, September 10.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

JAMES J. CORBETT

KNOCKS OUT

"KID" McCOY

IN FIVE ROUNDS.

(Special Report from Our Own Correspondent at the Ring Side.)

NEW YORK, August 31, 1900.

More than 10,000 men saw James J. Corbett, of California, dispose of Norman Selby, more familiarly known as "Kid" McCoy, in the fifth round of their glove fight at Madison Square Garden last night. Corbett, when he got well under way, simply outclassed McCoy so easily that the latter was a cinch to beat. Corbett feinted the Hoosier until he was all tangled up, and when in that condition "Gentleman Jem" cut loose, and with one of the fastest assaults ever seen in a ring he literally beat the "Kid" down and out. Corbett's blows in the fifth round came so rapidly that McCoy did not know how to ward them off, and when he was completely puzzled Corbett increased his speed, and with stomach punches that were straight to the mark, and had plenty of power in them, he doubled the former middle-weight up so that he fell to the floor in agony. In the first two rounds it looked as if McCoy might win, for he was confidence itself and forced the fight. Corbett did nothing in those rounds but shift around on the defensive, and block every blow that McCoy aimed at him. Corbett's face indicated uneasiness. He was pale and his lips quivered continually. McCoy, believing that Jem was inwardly annoyed, took chances, and in the third round he began to go in for mix-up. Then it was that Corbett showed that he had been holding himself in reserve, for as soon as he began to let fly his blows it was apparent to the great crowd that McCoy was up against it. Corbett's feinting at this stage of the fight was a revelation. He had McCoy, who is rated as a fast boxer, completely up a tree, and soon showed he could land blows upon the "Kid" when and where he pleased. Corbett did no wild swinging, but made every punch count, most of them being body blows, and they were plenty enough to be felt by his rival. McCoy, on the defensive, landed a heavy left counter on the side of the head toward the end of this round, which was his best blow, but he got it home when Corbett was coming at him with both hands working. In the fourth round Corbett found that he had McCoy where he wanted him, and rained the blows upon him so fast that the "Kid" for the first time showed that he was outclassed. He did his best to escape, using speedy footwork and trying to block with both hands; but Corbett was even swifter, and kept in on top of him all through the round. Corbett's blows came from all quarters. The "Kid" received them in the face and in the stomach, and was staggering against the ropes when time was up. Getting to his corner, the "Kid" showed that he was distressed, if only by his facial expression, but he said nothing to his seconds, who assured him that Corbett could not knock him out in a hundred years. The "Kid" was undoubtedly driven to desperation, for when he came up for the fifth round he rushed into Corbett, who had come off his corner not prepared to renew his assault immediately. But McCoy's quick attack put Jem on his guard, and in a moment the Californian was driving in punches that the quickest eye could not count. McCoy lost his bearings at once. He found that he could not hit Corbett at all, and yet the pugilistic actor was hitting him from head to waist with all kinds of blows, which came in a storm and were hard enough to make the Hoosier wince. It was the power of the punches which undoubtedly puzzled McCoy more than anything else, for he had been led to believe that Jem could not punch. When McCoy received a hard left-hander in the stomach, which knocked the wind out of him, he knew that his case was hopeless unless he could keep away from the lightning assault that followed. So McCoy tried to avoid Jem with all the art known to pugilism. But it was in vain, for Corbett outfooted him, out-generalled, and out-punched him in such a manner that the "Kid" was soon an easy mark. The blow that finally put McCoy to the floor to be counted out was a left swing in the pit of the stomach. McCoy doubled up quickly, his head and feet coming together, and he rolled over, grasping his breadbasket with both hands. Referee White counted ten seconds while McCoy was on the floor vainly trying to get up. A second later McCoy was on his feet, tottering back to the ropes. He reeled to his chair, but was able to get up and leave the ring in short order. There had been so many rumours of a job or a fake in regard to this fight that there was very little money placed on McCoy, even though as much as 3 to 1 was offered on Corbett when the men got into the ring. As far as the fight itself is concerned, it did not look like a fake, for the reason that Corbett clearly outclassed McCoy in every way, and gave a sound licking to him in the bargain. The fight showed beyond a question of a doubt that Corbett was the better man, that he was the more scientific, was stronger in aggressiveness and in punching, and was in every way McCoy's superior. Just as many persons predicted, McCoy demonstrated an inability to take gruelling punishment. He showed that in his fight with Sharkey, when he was simply bullied around the ring, and was roughed and slugged to defeat. Corbett, while not so rough a fighter as Sharkey, adopted similar tactics, and with a marvellously swift assault, knocked McCoy out in such a manner that nobody who saw the fight believed that it was anything except on the square. But beyond everything else there stood out in bold relief an unmistakable ill-feeling between the fighters, which it is known has lasted for several years. As Corbett entered the ring he tried to shake hands with McCoy. The latter turned away from him. Then again, when they stood up to receive instructions from the referee, they refused to shake hands, as is the custom with all fighters, and even when McCoy had been stopped and in his corner his seconds pushed Corbett and his manager, George Considine, away with a command to leave the Hoosier alone, because he did not want to have anything to do with the pompadour boxer. John Considine, Corbett's partner, said that he had succeeded in placing 2,500 dols. at 10 to 8 on Corbett. There was still a remarkable lack of McCoy money, which was taken to mean that the public was afraid of the match. The big bettors who were loaded down with Corbett money, unable to get 1 to 2 for it, were expected to offer even better inducements by the time the men appeared. The seconds for the men were announced as follows:—For Corbett, George Considine, Leo Pardello, "Spider" Kelly and Fred Stone. For McCoy, Homer Selby, Harris, "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien, and Bobby Burns. Corbett's timekeeper was Dick Berands and McCoy's was Mike Padden. McCoy gave his weight as 170lb. Corbett refused to state any figures. Ten minutes after the betting was generally quoted at 2 to 1 on Corbett, several speculators began to offer as much as 3 to 1. This showed that the Corbett backers were more than anxious to get their money down before it was too late. Still the McCoy money remained in the background, though this looked like a tempting bait. It was twenty-five minutes after ten when the crowd jumped up and began to cheer. The excitement was caused by the approach of McCoy. He wore no bath robe, and had on a pair of white trunks. As he stepped into the ring he was enthusiastically received. He looked to be bigger than ever, and was in splendid shape. His back and chest were well muscled, and his arms had plenty of strength in them. His legs were rugged, too, and he looked all over the perfect athlete. The "Kid" took the corner occupied by Fitzsimmons when he beat Ruhlin in this club, and smilingly bowed to friends near by. Both of his hands were cased in adhesive bandages. A few minutes later Corbett showed up. There was the usual excitement that lasted during his march to the ringside, and when he crawled through the ropes the crowd stood up and gave him a great reception. His hair was neatly parted in the middle, and he wore a long bath robe. He extended his hand to McCoy as he got in the ring and McCoy turned away. The crowd noted this, and some applauded and some hissed. Corbett wore black trunks and did not look much bigger than McCoy. Of course, he was taller. Corbett did not seem to be the same man who fought Jeffries, though it could not be said of him that he was very much out of shape. He looked able to put up a very fast fight. As the men sat in their corners both looked anxious; the gloves were thrown into the middle of the ring, and they selected what they wanted. Joe Gans, of Baltimore, and Dal Hawkins, of California, were introduced, with the announcement that they would box to-night at the Broadway A.C., that being the last night in this city under the law. A telegram from Frank Erne was read to the effect that he was willing to meet any light-weight in the world. Billy Roche, George McFadden's manager, announced that he would accept the challenge. Corbett bandaged both of his hands before he put on his gloves. As he stood up in the middle of the ring he did not look to have any great advantage over McCoy as to physique. His legs were no larger, and there seemed to be little difference in the development of the body and arms. Corbett did not look to weigh over 180 pounds at the outside. The conditions were twenty-five rounds, Queensberry rules, for half the gross receipts. Charley White was the referee.

THE FIGHT—BY ROUNDS.

As soon as the bell rang McCoy forced matters. He tried a light left for the head and Corbett danced away. McCoy fiddled again lightly and tried another light left, which reached the breast. Corbett broke ground rapidly, and the "Kid," following, swung a wild right for the jaw. It missed by a foot. Corbett feinted very fast and tried a left swing. It struck McCoy's glove. McCoy then advanced carefully, working both hands in front of his face, and blocked another left. Corbett stood away from a left jab and McCoy, still advancing, blocked a left. Then the "Kid" tried rushing tactics, but Corbett ran around on the defensive. McCoy swung left and right, and missed, Corbett being out of reach. Then there was light sparring, after which Corbett swung left and right, McCoy stepping out of reach nicely. After that they sparred swiftly, but struck no blows. Round 2. Corbett looked pale and anxious as he came up to the scratch. McCoy quickly stepped in and shot a right over for the jaw. He missed it by an inch. Corbett now advanced gradually, and tried a left swing for the head. McCoy was too far away. Then the "Kid" jumped in with a straight left that landed flush in the mouth. It was the first blow of any effect that he had put in. Corbett came back with left and right blows, but they were short. Then McCoy began rushing, and Corbett, backing around on one side of the ring, blocked several swings. The "Kid" was confident, and had a sarcastic smile on his face. He jumped into a clinch, which was the first one of the fight, and Corbett then swung a right, which flew over his head. Corbett was now warming up somewhat, and worked his left for the head. McCoy blocked beautifully, and used his feet with safe results. Corbett stepped in rapidly and put a left to the ribs, McCoy backing away. They sparred a moment, and then Corbett jumped in with right and left swings, the right reaching the side of the head. McCoy got to long range, and stood up for a spell of sparring that lasted to the bell. Round 3. They began sparring again as soon as they came up. Corbett was first to lead with a left to the body, which was stopped. McCoy, feinting with a left, drove the right over for the jaw, but Corbett's head was not in reach. Then Jem went in with a left for the body again, and McCoy, backing to a corner, was on the defensive. Corbett rushed, but was blocked off, and a clinch had to be broken by the referee. Corbett came again for the head, and swung the right for the jaw. Neither blow landed squarely, and McCoy laughed. Corbett was very careful, and as McCoy came in with a left swing he hooked his own left to the face. McCoy was warned for using his forearm in a clinch. Then Corbett, feinting rapidly jumped in with a left for the stomach. McCoy danced away lightly, and Corbett came again with a left for the body. Jem rushed with speed, and getting a right to the head he drove McCoy to the ropes. Corbett increased the speed of his attack, and put in a number of fast ones to the body and face, but McCoy countered with a powerful left on the eye and mixed it to a clinch. Corbett let up in his assault, and they were glaring at each other when the gong sounded. Round 4. Corbett started the pace with rapid feints. He gradually forced his man toward the ropes and tried a short left for the body. McCoy was careful and cool. He was not ready to take chances. Corbett drove a fast left to the face and swung a right to the neck. These blows made McCoy retreat, and Corbett followed with a rush. The "Kid" clinched and they broke. McCoy ran off laughing with Corbett in full pursuit. Then Corbett dashed in with a storm of blows that could not be counted. McCoy blocked some and then clinched. Corbett was all over his man, who was groggy from the force of the punches. Still the "Kid" knew where he was, and clinched repeatedly. McCoy was so tired finally that he could scarcely stand. Corbett fought him out of a clinch, and beat him in the stomach and head with more countless blows. Corbett laughed outright as he saw his opponent's condition, but he did not have power enough to knock the "Kid" down. They were clinched repeatedly, and finally as they broke away Corbett landed on the jaw with left and right. McCoy was groggy at the bell, and looked like a loser. He had received a punching that was entirely unexpected, and was too fast for him to escape from. Round 5. Corbett came up leisurely, and McCoy sent in a left for the jaw. Then the "Kid" tried two wild swings which Corbett avoided. The "Kid" put a left to the face, and Corbett drove in a volley of blows to the body which made the "Kid" hustle away. Corbett was not so fast as in the previous round, and seemed to be tired from his own efforts. McCoy did some feinting, but was on the defensive, and did not seem anxious to take a chance. Corbett finally cornered him and tried a right, which McCoy avoided by side stepping out of the way. Suddenly the "Kid" jumped forward with a left to the neck and clinched. As they broke out of it McCoy tried an uppercut, and Corbett, quick as a flash, whipped in a left swing to the stomach. This punch beat McCoy off, and was followed by a rush in which Corbett cut loose. Jem had his confidence with him, and the way he let out the punches was a caution. They were rained upon McCoy so rapidly that he not did know how to block them or what to do. He tried to clinch, but Corbett threw him off and hammered him in the stomach and face with rapidity. The "Kid" then began to use his feet, but the faster he retreated the faster Corbett followed. He was on top of him in one corner, from which McCoy did not escape until he had been pounded again half a dozen times in the wind. Then as the "Kid" finally got away it was seen that he was in distress. His legs were so weak that he could scarcely navigate. He ran unsteadily along the ropes to the opposite corner with Corbett coming like a whirlwind. McCoy's blocking was ineffective. Corbett beat his guard down and hammered him in the head with both fists. McCoy in desperation swung a couple of wild blows that had no particular destination. Then he started to break ground again. Corbett jabbed him in the face and belted him in the stomach until he was up against the ropes and bewildered. A solid left to the stomach finally made McCoy weaken so visibly that the end of the fight was apparent to the crowd. McCoy had no strength either to move away from his antagonist's assault or to retaliate. Corbett whipped in three or four uppercuts, and as McCoy was sinking gradually he drove in a corking left-hand smash to the pit of the stomach, which doubled McCoy up in a heap on the floor. The "Kid" groaned in agony. He rolled around trying to get up on his feet, with a look of pain on his face. He was clearly unable to arise, though he tried with all the strength he had left. Referee White counted off the seconds with deliberation, and when he said ten, McCoy was still upon his knees. Corbett could have knocked him out clearly with another punch if it had been necessary. As it was, McCoy was whipped and practically dead to the world, and Corbett was declared the winner. When Corbett reached his dressing-room, which was just opposite McCoy's on the Fourth Avenue end of the building, he ordered his seconds to rub him down. There was not a scratch upon his face. A few bruises on Jem's shoulder were all that showed he had been in a fight. "McCoy is the craftiest pugilist I ever met," were the first words which the ex-champion said when he found time to talk. "A number of swings just grazed me. They were aimed where I least expected them, but I got on to this game, and was well prepared for any unexpected move. McCoy is a hard puncher. I'll admit that I was somewhat puzzled by the 'Kid's' style. He was at times very awkward, but was not as fast as I thought he would be. Perhaps he was saving his strength for a final rally, thinking that I would grow tired, and then he would have me at his mercy. But I was up to his snare, and my condition was such that I could keep up the pace which I had set. During the past few weeks of my training I studied how to develop the muscles of my back, which is the secret of an athlete's punching powers. How I succeeded in this direction I will leave to my friends and the public who saw the contest to-night. McCoy tried to catch me with a wild swing. I was on top of him, however, as you no doubt saw. I was anxious to knock him out with a punch on the jaw, but he held his head low and covered his chin and jaw so well that I was unable to get to him without endangering myself. Then I went for his body. He was susceptible to my feints, and I landed all right. I was tipped off about this beforehand. They told me that was his weak spot, and they were correct. Sharkey licked him in that way, and I knew that as soon as I reached the spot there would be nothing to it. I was not in the same condition then as I was when I met Jeffries at Coney Island. My stomach was bad and my wind was not what I wished it to be. But as long as I won I don't care to discuss this point at length." "What are you going to do now?" "I am going both after Fitzsimmons and Jeffries," was the reply. "I prefer Jeffries because he is the champion. He is easier to get at than McCoy, but the boilermaker is stronger and can stand punishment better. I am going to keep on training in a light way, and if anything turns up I don't want to be caught napping. When I said that I would meet both McCoy

and Fitzsimmons one night after the other I meant it. It was no bluff. I am sorry that Fitzsimmons did not accept, for I would surely be ready for Bob had he agreed to take me on. I am happy that I won, for it is a great boost for me and will establish me as a candidate for the championship honours. I feel confident that if Jeffries takes me on once more I will demonstrate to the public and the sporting men of the world that I am his master." McCoy was still winded and in distress when he arrived at his dressing-room. His face was pale, and he had all the appearance of a man who was in pain. McCoy did not bear any palpable evidence that he had been hurt, but it was clear to those who watched him breathe that he was sore about the body.

"KID" McCOY SAYS:—

"I never got hit as hard in my life as I did to-night. The punch which made me lose was in the pit of my stomach. It took the wind out of me, and made me gasp for breath. I was not unconscious, but I could not regain my feet. It seemed as if my legs weighed a ton. Corbett is certainly a clever fellow. He puzzled me at every stage. He sent the punches in with speed and accuracy, and at times it seemed as if his gloves was coming in all directions. I was using every effort to land a swing. I realised that if I got to him once with one good smash he would be at my mercy, and I would not have any trouble in finishing him. But I did not get that chance. He was too quick and shifty for me. His weight was an important factor against me. I thought that I would eventually overcome this, and that by tiring him out, rush and fight on the aggressive, I would have him just where I wanted. The blows which Corbett nailed me in the wind in the previous round did not hurt me as much as that last smash. It was a corker and caught me in the solar plexus and knocked me out. I was licked fairly and squarely, and would have been up and doing were it possible for me to do so. But nature went against me. That's all, and I had to remain on the floor and hear myself counted out. I'm not going to quit the ring. I am going to remain in it with one ambition, and that is to seek a return match with my conqueror. I don't think that he has anything on me, and if we ever meet again I'm positive that I will turn the tables. My condition is perfect. I have nothing to say on this score. I weighed more than I ever did in my life and felt better than for years. I am in hard luck, that is all; I have not picked a winner for years. I thought that I would win without a doubt to-night, and besides dropping the large end of the purse I also lost 2,000 dols. which I bet on myself. Well, it is one of the fortunes of war, and I must start and work my way up to the top ranks again." Dr. Randall, who examined McCoy after the fight, said that he believed that Corbett had fouled the Hoosier boxer several times throughout the contest. When McCoy was asked whether this was so, he said: "I don't like to make any cracks, because if I did some people would think I wasn't game. Corbett landed once below the belt, but it did not have any bearing on the result. I was licked on the level. That's all there is to it."

THE REFEREE'S OPINION.

Referee White, whose opinion should carry some weight, and who is regarded by the public as an honest man, said after the battle: "It was the fastest and cleverest fight by heavy-weights that I have ever seen. Corbett outclassed McCoy in every respect. His feinting was wonderful, and he simply made a monkey of the 'Kid.' When Corbett got to fighting at his best there was nothing to it. His blows were so fast that McCoy was blinded. The 'Kid' was fairly smothered with the punches, and was knocked out with a left-hand blow in the stomach which was a beauty. He was on his knees when I counted ten, and was beaten then and there under the rules, though he got up a second later. But he did not have a chance to stay the round out, for Corbett would have finished him with another punch if he had been called upon to land one. Corbett won on the level in my estimation, and I feel quite sure that the fight was an honest one." Those who like to see scientific sparring, enjoyed a great treat in this battle, for there never has been such an exhibition of cleverness in the way of feinting, blocking, shiftiness and headwork as that displayed by both men up to the time that Corbett began to hammer his man with countless blows. The way the men felt each other out, the way they feinted and bluffed and tried to trick each other was something that is seldom seen in the prize-ring nowadays, where the principal quality in winning is an ability to rush in and slug like a blacksmith for a quick knock-out. The battle was the last heavy-weight match to be decided under the present boxing law, and the interest in it was such that many deplored the fact that the sport had received a check. It was quite evident that the manly art has secured such a hold upon the public that a revival of it later on would be welcomed by those in stations high and low. The rules were scrupulously observed, there being but one warning by the referee. McCoy was cautioned upon that occasion for using his forearm in a clinch. The quick result was a surprise, for a long fight had been anticipated.

JAMES J. CORBETT'S RECORD.

Undated contests are as follows:—Dave Eiseman, won; Capt. J. H. Daly, won, 2 rounds; Duncan McDonald, draw; Mike Brennan, won, 3 rounds; John Donaldson, won, 4 rounds; Martin Costello, won 3 rounds; Professor Wm. Miller, won, 6 rounds; Frank Smith, won.

1886.
Billy Welsh, lost ..... 4 rounds
Billy Welsh, knocked out ..... 1 round
1887.
Jack Burke, draw..... 8 rounds
1888.
Frank Glover, draw ..... 3 rounds
1889.
Joe Choynski, police..... 4 rounds
Joe Choynski, knocked out.....27 rounds
Joe Choynski, won ..... 4 rounds
Dave Campbell, draw .....10 rounds
1890.
Jake Kilrain, won..... 6 rounds
Mike Donovan, exhibition ..... 3 rounds
Dom. McCaffrey, won ..... 4 rounds
1891.
Peter Jackson, draw .....61 rounds
J. L. Sullivan, exhibition ..... 4 rounds
Jem Hall, exhibition ..... 4 rounds
Ed. Kenney, won ..... 4 rounds
1892.
Bill Spillings, won..... 1 round
Bob Caffrey, won ..... 1 round
Joe Lannon, no decision.....
J. L. Sullivan, won .....21 rounds
1894.
Charley Mitchell, knocked out ... 3 rounds
Peter Courtney, knocked out..... 6 rounds
1896.
Thomas Sharkey, draw ..... 4 rounds
Jem McVey, exhibition ..... 3 rounds
1897.
Bob Fitzsimmons, knocked out by.....14 rounds
1898.
Tom Sharkey, lost on foul ..... 9 rounds
1900.
Jem Jeffries, knocked out by.....23 rounds
"Kid" McCoy, knocked out ..... 5 rounds

"KID" McCOY'S PRINCIPAL FIGHTS.

1896.
Tommy West, knocked out ..... 2 rounds
Tommy Ryan, knocked out .....15 rounds
Frank Bosworth, knocked out..... 2 rounds
Joe Choynski, no decision ..... 4 rounds
Jem Daly, won ..... 3 rounds
Billy Smith, won ..... 6 rounds
Dick Moore, won .....10 rounds
Billy Doherty, knocked out..... 9 rounds
1897.
Dick O'Brien, won.....10 rounds
Jack Bonner, won..... 6 rounds
Dick Moore, knocked out ..... 2 rounds
Tommy Ryan, draw ..... 5 rounds
Jem Hall, no decision ..... 6 rounds
G. La Blanche, knocked out ..... 1 round
Beach Ruble, won ..... 1 round
Smith, of Texas, won..... 2 rounds
Dan Creedon, won.....15 rounds
1898.
Doc Payne, knocked out ..... 4 rounds
Nick Burley, knocked out ..... 2 rounds
James Blackwell, knocked out ... 2 rounds
John Tierney, knocked out ..... 3 rounds
Jem Bates, knocked out ..... 1 round
Bert Bolby, knocked out ..... 1 round
Gus Ruhlin, won .....20 rounds
Joe Goddard, won on foul ..... 5 rounds
1899.
Tom Sharkey, knocked out by ...10 rounds
Joe Choynski, won.....20 rounds
Jack McCormick, knocked out by 1 round
Geoffrey Thorne, knocked out ... 3 rounds
Steve O'Donnell, knocked out..... 6 rounds
Jack McCormick, won ..... 6 rounds
Joe Choynski, draw ..... 8 rounds
Billy Swift, knocked out .....13 rounds
Jack McDonough, knocked out ... 4 rounds
1900.
Peter Maher, knocked out ..... 5 rounds
Joe Choynski, won..... 3 rounds
Dan Creedon, won..... 6 rounds
Tommy Ryan, won..... 6 rounds
Jack Bonner, won .....12 rounds
Jas. J. Corbett, knocked out by... 5 rounds

COUNT FOSCO REDIVIVUS.

"JOLLY JUMBO" AT HOME.

When you have searched all London round,
No fatter man will there be found.

THOSE PERSONS WHO HAVE READ Wilkie Collins's famous story, "The Woman in White," will remember Count Fosco. Now Mr. W. Ecclestone, otherwise "Jolly Jumbo," is a greater man both in point of size and ability than his celebrated character. "Jumbo" is handicapped with the Count in this; whereas Fosco to plan and plot had the advantage of a liberal education, "Jumbo's" rise has been from the most sordid and humble surroundings, and yet at the present time "Jumbo" is one of the wealthiest men in the district of Harrow. Besides building fifty or sixty houses in the district, he is proprietor of the Coach and Horses, Stonebridge Park; the Mitre, Edgware Road, close to the Marble Arch; the new Red Lion, Harrow Road; and the Windsor Castle, Harrow. Imagine a fat man, so fat that for years he has not seen his feet, with all these responsibilities on his shoulders, and yet "Jumbo"—we should say Count "Jumbo"—treats them as trifles light as air. In a high-backed mediæval chair, which he purchased prior to the pulling down of an old monastery in the district, looking like nothing so much as a fat holy friar, "Jumbo's" plans and plots and schemes showing that if his huge body is inert his brain is ever active. "Jumbo" for a time retired from active service, and built himself a splendid bungalow opposite one of his late houses, the Ballot Box. There he schemed and worked up a wrestling tournament, foot racing, &c., which stirred wrestling as it had never been stirred before, and brought together those two old champions Steadman and Lowden to wrestle the bout of their lives for one of the most massive gold and silver belts ever given away. It now adorns Lowden's bar at Workington.

The Coach and Horses, Stonebridge Park, has become "Jumbo's" headquarters. Private life did not agree with "Jumbo" or the Missus. "Jumbo" likes to be admired, and so does she. So they attain their wishes behind the bar better than behind the bungalow. Sunday was the day we selected for our visit to the Count. His weightiness had just deposited himself in the monastic chair, prior to starting on some roast pig. This was a bit of "Jumbo's" own breeding which he had killed on Saturday, and started on a loin of the succulent animal on Sunday. "Jumbo" is fond of pork. He knows you should not eat the dainty unless there is an "r" in the month, but as "Jumbo" spells the month before September "Orgust," why, he is quite justified in eating pork during that month. Mrs. "Jumbo" was assisting in the bar, business being very brisk. So we sat vis-a-vis to "Jumbo," and dissected a pork chop with apple sauce. By the selvage of fat round our chop we came to the conclusion that "Jumbo" just killed the porcine in time, or it would have been suffocated by its own grease. What astonished us most in this room was the enormous number of flies. They were everywhere. They hung in myriads on fly papers, in thousands in arsenical papers on plates, and they even disputed with Count "Jumbo" and ourselves for the possession of the apple sauce. "Did you ever see so many flies?" said "Jumbo." We confessed that once, and once only, had we seen them in such hordes. "They come from the dustheap over there" (pointing with his finger). We saw this dustheap after, and Boffin, the "golden dustman," never possessed such a mountain of dust. What astonished us was that when we sat viewing the Irish hockey players the flies persistently annoyed us and left the Irishmen solemnly alone. Besides snakes, did St. Patrick banish flies from Ireland and is there something about an Irishman that he is impervious to flies? After the swarm in the hockey field, it looks like it. How "Jumbo" has attained his enormous girth we are at a loss to know. Although "Jumbo" ate the whole of the chump end of the pork ("Jummy" serves out the rich portions to his friends), he simply took a small glass of cider to wash down two helpings of roast, each one enough for a ploughman. When "Jumbo" gave his wrestling tournament it took place at Kensal Rise Grounds. At the Coach and Horses "Jumbo" has the nucleus of one of the finest athletic grounds near London. Out of the fields abutting on the Coach and Horses "Jumbo" has planned out a straight 150 yards and a circuit of a quarter of a mile. Contracts have been sent in for fencing and the various appurtenances of an athletic ground, and a three hundred pound tender has been accepted, the work being already in progress. Leaving the table we (that is, "Jumbo" and ourselves) adjourned to the fields, the Count being desirous of our advice on the subject. While thus engaged we thought we had suddenly been transported to the Emerald Isle—such a buzz of voices in a rich Irish brogue saluted our ear, the owners of which were all armed with the most formidable sticks, the bottom portion being bat-shaped. "Jumbo" informed us they had assembled to play that game being allowed by the police of the district; but Sunday football is not allowed, some youths playing the ball being immediately stopped by "Jumbo's" head man "Fatty." In striking at the ball to obtain a goal the players give each other the hardest of hard raps; but so enthusiastic are they in playing that it is only when the game is over that they discover that they have a broken finger, a much bruised abdomen, or a broken head. We hope soon to give a description, when completed, of "Jumbo's" playing-ground Every man has a hobby, and boxing is Count "Jumbo's." Though his trust has been blighted in one direction, he does not let that interfere with the sport. Over the recent decision against a daily sporting newspaper in the case of Dobbs v. Burge "Jumbo," who backed Dobbs, will be out of pocket some £500. "Jumbo's" boxing stable is at the present time limited; it consists of but one bantam, little Jack Walker, and this Johnny is likely to prove a white elephant. Walker was to have met the best 8st lad in America, but as the home produce can fight at 7st 10lb, and is not a champion at that, "Jumbo" listened to our advice, and left the American severely alone. We believe "Jumbo" is in treaty with the brothers Gardiner, of America, and others, and he means to make boxing matters hum this season.

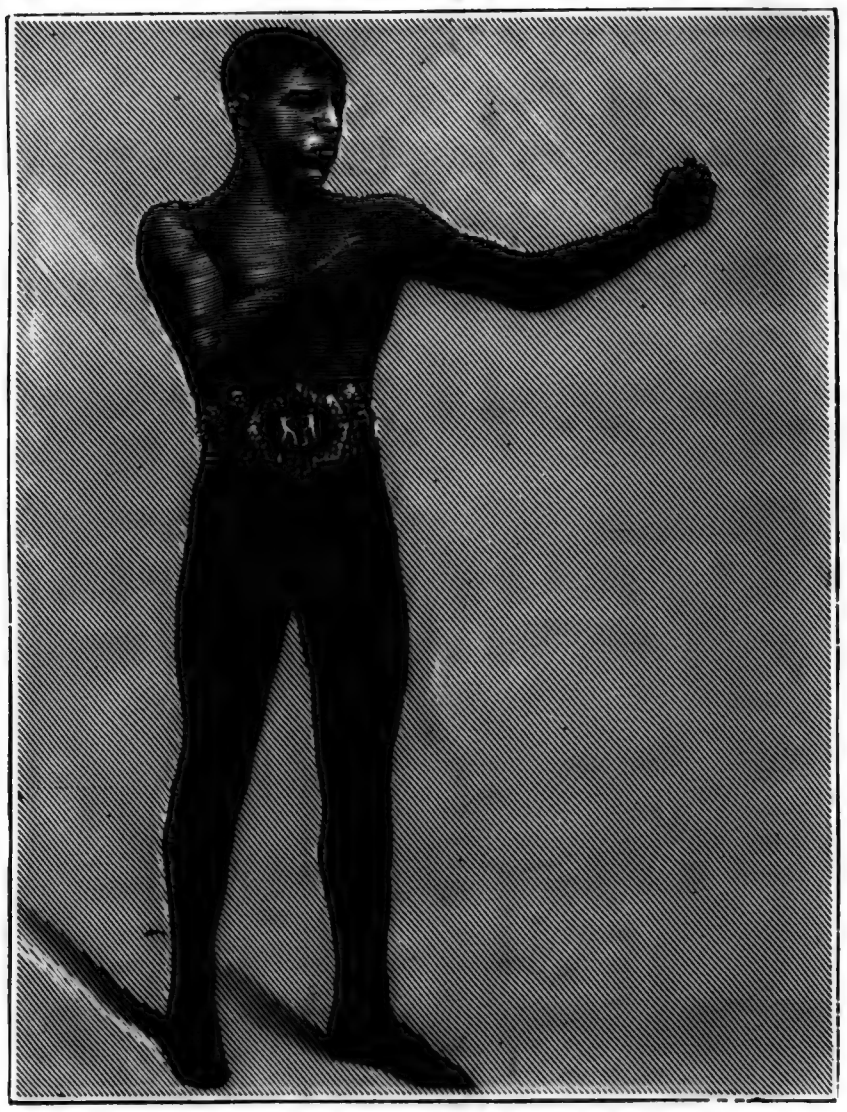
RAY ENGLAND AND FRANK KITTS Meet With Knuckles.—These exponents of the noble art in the old style, who met in a rough turn-up about six weeks ago, when England, who is a son of the late Bill England, boxer and champion weight-carrier, had the misfortune to sprain his ankle, again met on the morning of the 9th, on the borders of Essex, to try conclusions with Nature's weapons. A much larger company than anticipated put in an appearance at the selected rendezvous, a shed near Canning Town, added to which the arrangements for the battle were of the most primitive character, but both being in earnest a start was made, and the first round was of a very even character. In the second round, however, England had much the better of the encounter. Both men were now urged on by their seconds, and the battle waged fiercely, each bearing unmistakable marks of his opponent's handiwork, and in this manner the contest proceeded up to the seventh round, when a cry of "Police!" was raised, and each party made the best of their way from the scene of action.

BOXING AT LEEDS.—CONSIDERable rivalry has for some time existed between Jack Fulton, of Newcastle, and Sam Parker, of Leeds, and the Leeds and County Gymnasium was crowded on Monday night when they met to decide a contest of twenty rounds for £10 a-side and a £25 purse. Very little science was shown, both men going in for hard punching. Parker forced the pace, and when counted out in the fourth round had literally beaten himself. Parker quickly got to work, and giving his opponent no quarter, had all the best of the first round. He maintained his advantage in Round 2, but Fulton came up much the fresher of the pair for the third round, and with a heavy blow on the jaw sent his opponent down. There was some heavy work in the fourth round, but Parker had the worst of it, and after going down twice was counted out.

"DUMMY" FOREST, OF LONDON, and Young Capstick, of Newcastle, are matched to box twenty rounds at 6st 12lb for £25 a-side and a purse. The contest takes place at West Hartlepool on Saturday, September 29. THE MIRROR OF LIFE provides referee and timekeeper.

BOB ALLEN, OF TOTTENHAM (LATE Sheffield), seeing Matt Precious keeps challenging all England at 7st 8lb without a reply, Allen will box him twenty rounds for the best purse offered, and will guarantee him a bet of £10 on the result.

(*Continued on page* 14.)



"PONK" ANDREWS,
Who Accidentally Met his Death on Tuesday Morning, September 4

SAM PARKER,
Of Leeds, who Met Jack Fulton, of Newcastle, at the Leeds and County Club, September 10.

QUITE PREPARED FOR THE RUNAWAYS.
Father Effectually Stopped Their Little Plans.

JIMMY BARNES AND HIS DOG BARNEY.
A Well-known Fancier and Dealer in Bulldogs.

WILLIE HOLT,
A Well-known Boxer who Enlisted as Private Holton, Army Medical Service Corps.

A TRIO OF GIRLS TIED TO A LAMP-POST.
The Cabman Liberated and Took the Beauties Home.

(Continued from page 11.)

PROPOSED NEW RULES FOR BOXING.

WE HAVE RECEIVED THE FOLlowing letter from Professor Newton, of the Barnsbury B.C.:—

DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure to announce to you that I am authorised by the Barnsbury Boxing Club to frame a new set of rules, which I shall have the honour to submit to my pupils and patrons in due course, and in the framing of which I should like the assistance of anyone connected with boxing, as I am aware there are many good boxers not at present competing because of some unfair point in the rules. I should feel obliged if they would communicate with me, mentioning the particular point. By so doing they would greatly assist in framing the new rules, which I hope, will give justice to all. I have the satisfaction also to inform you that the president, Chas. Harvey, Esq., will present a silver challenge cup for competition, and Mr. E. P. Matthias will add his subscription, ten guineas to the prize list. The following gentlemen whose names have been handed in to the committee for election, are in favour of the Barnsbury Boxing Club's decision, and will give their liberal support: Messrs. Jas. Netten, J. C. Ficken, W. O. Roberts, W. W. Smith, T. G. White, W. R. Brown, T. Jackson, G. W. Gorsuch, A. Constant, E. A. Brytt, J. Cannon, R. Wooden, H. Roberts, S. Birkin, F. Dennis, A. Coleman, A. Howes, J. Hooper, C. R. Lloyd-Thomas, T. W. Stevens, V. H. Scrope-King, Geo. J. Morris, C. Ford, J. A. Moffatt, J. T. Clinker, E. Tidd, H. Barson, H. Hollingshead, F. M. Austin, A. Mosely, J. W. Harrison, A. Mears, C. Colman, T. Rippington (winner of six open competitions, including German bantam-weight, 1899), T. W. Smith (winner Belsize 11st 4lb and Mincing Lane 11st 4lb competitions), O. R. Thornthwaite, E. Mackenzie (winner Mincing Lane 10st), T. Frankland (winner six rounds contest B.B.C.), F. Buckland (winner Goldsmiths' I.B.C. 9st 4lb competition, also six rounds contest B.B.C., who is at present in South Africa, and who wishes to be remembered to all old acquaintances), C. Cannon (runner-up heavy-weight amateur championship, 1899), J. Francis, R. Colman, J. Macey, C. Collins, W. Gatward, W. Stillman, A. Barron, H. Stapleton, E. Henrickson, and several other gentlemen who wish their names to be kept strictly private.—I am, dear Sir, Yours truly,

PROF. A. J. NEWTON, p.p., W.G.
North London School-of-Arms and Physical Culture,
55, Barnsbury Road, N.

FREEMAN v. WILLIAMS.—FREEman, who was considered invincible among amateurs at 6st 10lb, recently made a match with Joe Williams, of Rotherham, the pro. We thought the Lynn man Freeman had gone a bit out of his depth when he took on Williams, and now being frightened at his own temerity, the Lynn Club, with a man as president who has never exhibited himself in a public glove encounter, are advertising their capability of capturing all the weights at the next Amateur Championship meeting. These *pe pravi orls*; but let them take care, are there not other clubs just as capable? Freeman's refusal to fulfil his engagement with Williams shows that one of their champions at least is not a world beater.

GLOVE CONTEST AT OLDBURY.—At Oldbury on Wednesday evening an exciting glove contest was decided, in which the principals were Dan Lewis, of America, a coloured boxer, and "Kid" Lloyd, of West Bromwich. The men agreed to contest eight rounds, at catch-weight, for £5 a-side and a purse given by Professor Cullis, the well-known fistic promoter, at whose establishment the battle was decided. Lloyd was much heavier than Lewis, but the last named, who was in better condition, had the advantage in the first round. Lloyd got on terms at the second attempt, and forcing the business on coming together again the Midlander knocked Lewis out half-way through the third round.

HARRY WILLIAMS IN ANSWER TO W. Bond, of H.M.S. Prince George, will box him according to his challenge in THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and if he will meet H.W. at Mr. Morgon's, Victoria Tavern, Queen's Street, Portsea, on the ship's arrival at Portsmouth, a match can be made.

MAC MULLIN, IN ANSWER TO CHAS. Glene, will box him for a side bet and the best purse offered, or any 9st 7lb lad in Glamorganshire. An answer at once will lead to business.

DAN SULLIVAN, OF MARYLEbone, seeing Young Spooney's challenge to all England, will box him any number of rounds and have a side stake on the result.

HARRY THORNE, 10ST 6LB CHAMpion of the North, will open his new gymnastic club, 140, Dale Street, Liverpool, on Thursday, the 20th of this month, with two contests.

COLUMBIA BOXING CLUB.—THE above club held their annual general meeting at their new headquarters, Tee-To-Tum, High Street, Shoreditch, on Tuesday, September 11, at 8.30 p.m.

C. "POWDER" SIMMONDS WISHES to state that he won't waste further time by talking fight in paper to C. Goode, but will box him any number of rounds at the weight and for the side stake mentioned before, hoping that C. Goode will appoint a time and meeting place, and save further talk.

PRIVATE ALBERT WHEELER, OF the 6th Royal Fusiliers, well known in the boxing world, brought his medal which, with the addition of £6, he won in the feather-weight championship, taking first prize, beating Holder, of Brighton, in the final, a once pro., but now in the 3rd Sussex

BOXING AT YORK.

THE CITY OF YORK, SURROUNDED by its historical walls and gates, and also famous for its Minster, has often been the scene of many a conflict, many a passage of arms, where it is reputed that Oliver Cromwell, in his march of castle knocking down, stood before the walls of York Minster and said to his followers: "This is too pretty a place to devastate, we will stable our horses inside," which they did. But the times have changed since then, and if those knights who threw down their gauntlets of old had been in York on Monday night last in all probability they would have returned from whence they came, exclaiming, "this is no place for us." Prof. George Campbell's saloon, which has recently been erected in Walmgate, York, was packed to the doors by a typical Yorkshire crowd, who had assembled to see the prowess of their local champions. 10st 6lb competition: Private Hart (West Yorkshire Regiment) beat Guilfoyle (of York); T. Battle beat Private Leddie (West Yorkshire Regiment); Frank McLoughlin beat Pat Morris; Routledge beat Private McClure, (Northumberland Fusiliers; F. McLoughlin beat Private Hart; Routledge sparred a bye with Tom Galpine, in consequence of Battle not turning up. Final: Frank McLoughlin beat Routledge.—The former, the lightest man in the competition, early made a start, leading off three times without a return. In the second round a lot of clinching took place. Referee intervened, broke them away. In the third round McLoughlin piled on a lot of points, and keeping in front, was returned a popular winner. Referee, Professor G. Campbell; timekeeper, H. Brown; seconds, Harry Smith, Jack Stewart, Billy Gallagher, and Sam Palmer. The affair was conducted in a very orderly manner.

ON FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, AT Professor Moore's boxing pavilion, a real good bout was witnessed by a crowded house, the two facing each other being Harry Brady, of Huddersfield, and Albert Hill, of Leeds, for a substantial purse given by Professor Moore, and a side bet of £5. Brady being fully a stone the heavier man, 4 to 1 was freely offered on him, but Hill fought with good judgment, and completely wore Brady down after a well-contested fight of ten rounds. In the last round Hill got in several severe right-hand punches on Brady's neck that rendered him unfit to continue the contest. Brady's seconds threw up the sponge, and all left well satisfied with the night's entertainment provided.

BOXING AT CHATHAM.—ON SEPtember 24 Charley Mannering, a well-known and enthusiastic promoter of boxing, intends giving a silver enamel belt, weighing 3oz, and value 10gs. This will be put up for amateurs at 9st. The contests will be brought off on two evenings, the final taking place on the 23rd of the following month. The runner-up will receive a good prize, besides other prizes for winners of heats. THE MIRROR OF LIFE will appoint referee.

VISIT OF CHARLEY Mc KEEVER TO Newcastle.—It is not often that lovers of boxing in Newcastle are given such a treat as that which will be given them next Monday and Tuesday by Mr. James Lowes, who has secured the only appearance in a ring of Charles McKeever previous to his match for the welter-weight championship with "Dido" Plumb. The performances of the American are of world-wide renown, and it is only at great expense that Mr. Lowes has secured his appearance at the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle. On the Monday evening Jem Richardson, of Honolulu, will be the opponent of the redoubtable American, whilst on the Tuesday George Chrisp will be his vis-a-vis.

MIKE MORAN TO JOE WILLIAMS. —Moran would like to box Williams the best of twenty rounds for Mr. Lowes's purse. "Dido" Vardy can have a match on the same terms.

MICHAEL SWEENEY, OF PAISLEY, seeing Charles Glene, of Coatbridge, has got an answer to his challenge, Mike Sweeney, of Paisley, will box him any number of rounds he likes if any gentleman will give a purse.

G. HARPER, OF SALFORD, IS willing to box J. Williams, of Rotherham, T. Snow, of London, or W. Pincombe at 6st 10lb or 7st for best purse offered and side bet. Nothing will be entertained without a deposit.

PROFESSOR A. J. NEWTON.—WE have received from the professor the revised rules of the Barnsbury Amateur Boxing Club. We are not able to insert them this week, but having perused them attentively we think they are admirably adapted to the wants of the sport.

GEORGE CORFIELD WRITES FROM Markham Moor Hotel, Tuxford, Notts: I am training from the above hotel, which is in the centre of the Dukeries, under the care of that well-known Sheffielder, Jack Green. We fight on the 21st of this month at Staleybridge, st catch-weights, for £100 a-side and £100 purse given by Jack Haggerty.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWcastle.—Now that the summer days are gone and the autumn leaves are falling outside pastimes are gradually waning, and the consequence is that sports indoors are now obtaining a full mede of support. Thus it is that as each Saturday night comes round the Hexham House Saloon is being patronised by big crowds, and we saw a very large one there on Saturday evening last. Mr. James Lowes had got together a number of good lads, as he always does, to do the exhibition work, and the first pair to show their skill were A. Stanley (late of New Zealand) and J. Carpenter (of Manchester). They were well matched as far as size and weight were concerned, and the display they made was of a most enjoyable character, as was the three rounds given by J. McGurk and F. Joyce, of Gateshead, who did not forget to hit hard. Harry Myers, of Edinburgh, and Tom Hardy, of Newcastle, gave an exhibition of great interest, and then J. Graham, of Coomlachie, and J. Thompson, of Dumbarton, a couple of novices, were given the chance of a "nob," they being on the road. Mr. Lowes, we may say, is always willing to give lads this chance. They boxed well and hard, and they, we think, would receive enough for in slang parlance more than their "feather and flip," and their Sunday's "Jimmy Skinner." The last exhibition bout was between those clever exponents, Tom Dixon and Tom O'Neill, who gave a show of a most scientific character. We may state that Dixon, who is matched with Jem Barry to box at the National Sporting Club on the opening night, October 1, has taken up his quarters at Cullercoats, with "Spider" Carr, to finish his preparation for the match. The chief contest of the evening was to be an eight rounds contest between S. Hall and J. Thompson, both of Gateshead. The lads had previously met with nature's weapons, without a result, but on this occasion, when they had the gloves on, Thompson set about his man in great style, and they had not gone a half minute before Hall was sent through the ropes. He, however, came to time easily, only to be set about by Thompson, who continued to use both hands in great style, and before a couple of minutes had elapsed, he had Hall hopelessly beaten. The winner was seconded by "Jumper" Howe and Jack Jones, and the loser by "Spider" Carr and J. Lowery. Jack Palmer was referee, and Tom Dixon timekeeper. For next Saturday night Harry Myers, of Edinburgh, and T. Hardy, of Newcastle, are matched to box eight rounds.

WE HAVE RECEIVED THE FOLLOWing letter from Willie Holt, a well known boxer, who enlisted in the Army Medical Corps as Private Holton:—

Royal Army Medical Corps,
General Hospital,
Howick, Natal,
South Africa.
August 8, 1900.

To the EDITOR of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

DEAR SIR,—You will, no doubt, be surprised to receive a letter from such an unexpected quarter. The fact is I have just returned from Ladysmith, and I know you will be pleased to know I am once more on the war path. An assault-at-arms was held at Scott's Theatre, Pietermaritzburg, a couple of weeks ago (in aid of Lady Aubrey Buller's Fund) for the widows and families of soldiers and sailors. The programme, "which was a good one," included physical drill by a squad of infantry, also bayonet exercise, whilst a party of boys went through a series of exercises with the Indian clubs. Then came lance exercise by cavalry, all of which was well appreciated by a most attentive audience. Next, and last, but not least, came the boxing. There were two weights, open to all military serving in Natal, middle and heavy. There was a good entry for each. I entered for the middles, and I am pleased to tell you I won outright, beating Private Lynn, of the Gordons, in the first series, whilst in the final I met and defeated Regimental-Sergeant-Major Ford, of the Cavalry. I had the good fortune to obtain the services of that clever little Army feather-weight and Welsh amateur champion, Private H. Ladwick R.A.M.C., as second, who, I am glad to tell you, handled me in first-class style. Sergeant White, 5th Dragoons, won the heavies after a slogging encounter with Sergeant Fisher, A.S. Corps. As a preliminary to the boxing Professor W. Heffernan gave a display of ball-punching. The officials were: Timekeeper, Mr. W. H. Ash, of the Central Hotel; referee, Professor W. Heffernan; judges, Lieutenant Radclyffe (late of 1st Life Guards) and another officer. Lieutenant Radclyffe was the kind donor of a purse of £20 between the two weights. As a result of winning this competition I became the recipient of several challenges, and the outcome is a match between Private J. Livesley, of the K.R. Rifles, and myself to box the best of fifteen rounds for £30 a-side, neither man to exceed 10st 4lb. The whole of the money is deposited, and the winner takes all, so you may rest assured I will do my very best. This country agrees very well with me, and I am feeling very fit. I shall be glad if you will kindly give this a place in THE MIRROR, also my photo—you have got a copy. Best wishes to all old friends in England, and trusting that yourself and all at THE MIRROR offices are quite well, I will conclude and remain, yours sincerely,

No. 12798 Private WILLIE HOLTON
(Late W. Holt).

CORPORAL SANDERS, ARMY AND Navy light-weight champion, will box any one in the Army or Navy at 9st 6lb, give or take 2lb, for as much money as they can find. An early answer to THE MIRROR OF LIFE will oblige.

TOM KING, OF ALDGATE, WOULD like to box Monte Zaffer fifteen or twenty rounds for £25 a-side, at 8st 4lb, and the best purse offered.

JEMMY BARNES AND DOG BARNEY.

A Well-known Fancier and Dealer in Bulldogs.

(With Portrait.)

JEM BARNES was born September 22, 1840, in Hull. He at present is the Hull authority on birds and dogs, having a large establishment in Queen Street, Hull. Jem has the reputation of seeing very nearly all the old-time battles in the magic circle, and has many a tale to tell of the one-time bantam champion in his day, Antony Godfrey, of Hull, who stood 5ft 8½in, and fought at 8st. Jem prides himself on his judgment of fighting doggies, and had one at 26½lb in weight, Barney, who won a match in thirty-six minutes on July 26, 1898.

A TRIO OF GIRLS TIED TO A LAMPPOST.

The Cabman Liberated and Took the Beauties Home.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WHEN the wine's in the wet's out. The party consisted of six, the feminine and three of the masculine gender. The latter, having imbibed more than was good for them, prepared a joke on their companions, and with a stout rope bound the girls to a lamppost and quietly forsook them. Being late at night there was little hope of any passer by assisting them, so they were compelled to remain until either the gentleman in blue should make his round or some early worker appear. A half hour had passed when a cab turned the corner, and the girls attracting the man, he descended from the box and liberated them, and safely conveyed them home.

PLAYED BILLIARDS WITH HIS FEET.

Another Method of Manipulating the Ivories.

(Subject of Illustration.)

ALL over the world the most popular indoor amusement is billiards, and exponents of the game have several ways of exhibiting their ability. The hazard, the cannon, or the spot stroke, each will have its champion; some are dexterous with the cue, while others will play with their hands only, or perhaps the nose will be brought in to strike the balls. In a Mexican saloon with two players contesting one proved to be clever with his feet, using his foot to strike the balls, and eventually beat his opponent with the cue somewhat easily. In the event of his having to reach far over the table a powerful friend would hold him aloft while he manipulated the balls.

SAM PARKER, OF LEEDS,

Who was Knocked out by Jack Fulton, of Newcastle, at the Leeds and County Club, September 10.

(With Portrait.)

BEAT J. Smith, of Bradford, in 4rds, at the Wellington Athletic Club; beat J. Carr, of Glasgow, for £15, in 1½rd; won an eight-guinea competition at the Wellington Athletic Club, beating J. E. Lawley in 1rd in the final; beat T. Gamble, of Leeds, with nature's weapons in 13rds; beat Johnny Stringer, of Leeds, in 2½rds, for £150, on July 6, 1896, at the Jollity Theatre, Bradford; beat James Lewis, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in half a minute, for £70; beat Jem Watson, 14rds; met Jack Fulton, September 10, and was knocked out in four rounds.

DEATH OF "PONK" ANDREWS. —As we witnessed the boxing encounter between "Ponk" Andrews and Jack Gover—as tame an encounter as we ever beheld—we were not surprised from the evidence of witnesses and that of the doctor who officiated at the post-mortem, to find the jury return a verdict of accidental death.

MICK MATTHIAS WILL BOX any lad in England at 6st 4lb. Young Fox, of Vauxhall, will have a side stake on the result.

CHARLEY SMIRK HAS ACCEPTED the purse offered by Mr. Thomas Landreth to box "Dido" Vardy on September 21.

RARE BOOKS.

IMMENSE BARGAINS.

"Aristotle's Great Works," nearly 500 pages, 2s., a 320 page edition, 1s. 6d. "Plain Home Talk," 959 pages, 200 illustrations, 6s. "Maria Monk," cloth bound, 40 illustrations, 1s. 6d. "Revelations of Girlhood," 36 chapters, 1s. "An Artist's Model," illustrated, 1s. "The Lady's Maid," illustrated, 6d. "The Footman," illustrated, 6d. "The Ballet Girl," illustrated, 6d. "London by Night," illustrated, 6d. "Paris by Night," illustrated, 6d. "Fanny Hill," illustrated, 6d., or these last EIGHT books, value 5s. sent to any part of the world on receipt of 4s. Money Order, Postal Order, or stamps. A full list of others 2 stamps. "Transparent Playing Cards," showing the beautiful pictures. Male and Female, 52 in each pack, post free, 1s. 9d., better, 3s. 6d. "Transparent Dominoe Playing Cards," 23 in pack, 1s. 2d. Address—M. L. REIT, West Green Road London, N. Advt.

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[ADVT.]

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One bottle will do more good than all the Latin prescriptions of drugs and mineral poisons, which remain in the system, destroying the bones, and make a poor, weak, broken-down invalid. There is no calomel or mercury in SULPHUR BITTERS.

THE AGED AND TOTTERING

will find SULPHUR BITTERS a wonderful invigorant, giving strength to their tottering footsteps, and enabling them to enjoy life, as they have not done before for years. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best family medicine made, and no household is complete without it.

This remedy will drive from the system every kind of humour.
One or two bottles will cure the worst cases of sick headache.
One bottle will remove that tired and all-gone feeling.
Two or three bottles will cure those ugly pimples on the face.
Three bottles will cure the worst cases of canker in the mouth and stomach.
One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
Three or four bottles will cure the worst cases of piles.
Ten to twelve bottles will cure the very worst cases of scaly eruptions known.
One bottle will cure wakefulness and lack of energy.
Four to five bottles will cure liver complaint.
One bottle will give you a hearty appetite and increased digestion.
A benefit is always seen from the first bottle, and a cure is certain where the directions are followed.
One or two bottles will cure all running at the ears.
No change of diet is ever necessary; eat as good as you can get, and all you want of it.
Six or eight bottles will cure all rotten or running ulcers.
Two to five bottles will stop premature decay, and fully restore physical manhood when shattered or lost by youthful indiscretions.
Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, blotches, and sores. Keep the blood pure, and health will follow. SULPHUR BITTERS, the great blood purifier, will cleanse the blood of all vitiated matter, and instead of pale, thin blood, by using this great remedy your blood will soon course freely, pure, rich, and strong through the veins.

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Have you pains in the back? Are you always weary and tired? Do you sometimes feel cold creeping shivers up the small of your back? It is kidney trouble. Do not delay. SULPHUR BITTERS will remove every bad feeling and make you feel well and strong. Do you raise wind? Do you feel dull and oppressed? Have you gnawing pain after eating? Are you irritable and easily angered? It is dyspepsia and indigestion. SULPHUR BITTERS is a sure and speedy cure, performing s work thoroughly. It will make you feel like a new man or woman in a week. Are you troubled with costiveness? Are you dizzy when you bend down and raise yourself again? Do you see all the colours floating before your eyes? Your liver is out of order. SULPHUR BITTERS is an immediate and certain cure. Is your nervous system broken and unstrung? Do you feel miserable all over? Do you feel it a trouble to attend to your every-day affairs? Do you find it difficult to think clearly and steadily? You are in a very dangerous state—but have courage. SULPHUR BITTERS is the very thing needed to make you well and strong. Do not think that these are idle words. Examine yourself closely. Be convinced, for your own sake. Use SULPHUR BITTERS freely. Your reward will be

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